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THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

THE moment seems to have arrived when the country may fairly claim that the Government should state distinctly what is its policy with regard to the quarrel between Germany and Denmark. Hitherto, great indulgence has been shown to the Government, and very rightly. The origin of the quarrel is obscure, the facts on which it rests are complicated and disputable, the sympathies of England are divided, and there is no certainty on which side the interests of England lie. Any Ministry, therefore, that set itself in such a business to maintain peace, and to preserve the national honour, would be sure of a fair amount of support. In difficult negotiations, much weight also is sure to be given to the claims of personal character and reputation. If we have got the ablest men we can get at the head of affairs, it seems natural to trust them with the management of a delicate and intricate matter. The strength of the present Government lies in the extreme difficulty of saying precisely what ought to have been done or to be done at any one stage of this quarrel about the Duchies, and in the general conviction that, if Lord PALMERSTON and Lord RUSSELL have made mistakes, Mr. DISRAELI and Lord MALMESBURY would have made twice as many. If there were not such a marked disparity in ability and reputation between the heads of the present Government and the heads of any Government that could be formed to replace them, it is impossible to suppose that the House of Commons would have been so long-suffering, not to say meek, as it has been. But the present state of uncertainty cannot go on much longer. The Ministry is beginning to trade on the reputation of its leaders, and on the unwillingness of Parliament and the country to quarrel with the PREMIER. It is adopting the very line which we have been taught by bitter experience to detest most thoroughly. It is sliding into a boundless Dead Sea of fruitless negotiations, relieved by denunciations which it knows to be as safe as they are unheeded, and by menaces which frighten nobody. Beyond a certain point it is very undesirable that negotiations should go on at our instance. It is not for England to run about for ever, like an old hen, cackling to the foreign chickens, and begging them not to do anything dangerous. If we cannot get listeners we can at least hold our tongues. Nor is it at all probable that these frantic adjurations to the combatants in the name of peace are likely to do much good. England as a calm, resolute Power, can do much to promote peace—she has then got her navy at the back of her arguments; but England as a fussy, irresolute Power, is much more likely to stir up strife than to effect a reconciliation. Perhaps nothing has given the Germans so much pleasure in the whole business—not even the glory of a battalion of Prussians engaging in a fierce, prolonged, and ultimately successful struggle with a couple of Danish sentries—as the discovery that England may be safely provoked to fume and bluster and write and argue in vain.

The account of their policy which Ministers give is something like this:—"We wish to keep out of the war, and to bring it to an end; and we go on trying to effect this by talking to all the parties who, however remotely, are interested in the matter. Our own view is that the Treaty of 1852 should be upheld, but no one agrees with us who has any power of giving effect to an opinion. Nevertheless, our arguments appear to us unanswerable, and are constantly repeated. If this treaty—which France has declared impotent, and which has been completely set aside in, as we think, a most disgraceful manner by Austria and Prussia—is to have no further effect, we can form no notion what ought to replace it. We are not prepared to say that the Germans in the Duchies ought to have a foreign Sovereign forced on them, and still less are we prepared to say that a foreign Sove-

reign ought not to be forced on the Germans in the Duchies. It appears to us much more iniquitous to kill Danes in Jutland than in Schleswig, and it would be infinitely worse still to kill them in Funen or Zealand, but we cannot see either that we ought or ought not to prevent this last stroke of wrong. At the same time, it is a great comfort to us to have the Channel Fleet in so handy a station as Plymouth, and to feel sure that, although we do not intend to employ it, yet, if we did employ it, we should employ it effectively." This is the Ministerial programme, and because some Peers, most of whom are, on ordinary occasions, very good friends of the Government, have hinted that there is something weak and inconsecutive in it, the House of Lords has been soundly abused by the daily press, and all sorts of dreadful responsibilities have been heaped on its shoulders. If a Conservative Government had been in office, the same critics would have been the first to point out that Peers of good standing and independent position are the very persons to whom the country ought to look when a warning has to be addressed to a Ministry that has many claims on the regard and confidence of Englishmen. Lord HARROWBY, more especially, is exactly that sort of respectable, amiable, esteemed friend who can gently let his old associates see what others think of them; and he would be a very bold man—unless indeed he were a young Whig, if there is such a being—who would deny that the country has begun to dislike the endless purposeless flux of diplomatic talk, accompanied by allusions to the Channel Fleet. No amount of despatch writing will alter facts, and that Schleswig is in the hands of the Germans is a fact. The English Government must accept it, if it does not intend to reverse it by force of arms. But the resistance of the Danes still continues, and they still hold a fragment of Schleswig. The English Government may say that it will offer no opposition to the attempt of the Germans to dislodge the Danes from this corner of the Duchy. But, if so, negotiations are obviously useless. France takes this line, and takes it consistently. For France does not object to see the Danes driven out of the Duchies; and it only concerns France to see how the Duchies, when once obtained by Germany, are disposed of by her. She may think it worth her while to demand a compensation if they are given to Prussia, but at present she can afford to sit still and not say anything. We have had our say, and had better end it, unless we are prepared to do more than France thinks it her interest or duty to do. Or, if we are prepared to draw a subtle distinction, and to say that although the Germans may attack the Danes by land, which we cannot prevent, yet they shall not attack them by sea, which we can prevent, nothing would be so sure to prevent this sea attack as to announce openly that the Channel Fleet would be at once sent to the assistance of the Danes if an Austrian man-of-war appeared in the Baltic. As it is, we shall some day hear that an Austrian man-of-war has appeared in the Baltic, and we shall scarcely know whether this is an insult to England or not. We shall remember that Lord RUSSELL threatened dim horrors if this were done, but we can never be sure whether Lord RUSSELL utters threats on his own account or in the name of England.

Much of the adverse criticism bestowed upon the manner in which the present Government has conducted foreign affairs appears to us unfounded, although the Opposition, now that it really has an arguable case against the Government, naturally thinks that Ministers have been always wrong, and that it can make out an accumulative charge of bad judgment against its adversaries. The Opposition will do its duty to the country if it merely forces the Ministry to take a distinct line and keep to it; but it will only benefit itself politically if it can make out a very strong case—a case strong enough to destroy the general conviction that foreign affairs are likely to be better administered under Lord PALMERSTON's than under Lord DERBY's Government. There is no real division

on home or foreign policy between the two great Parliamentary parties, and the Conservatives may acknowledge this and yet say with perfect fairness that, although they and their opponents do not want to pursue different lines, those ought to be in office who can best pursue the line they are both agreed to adopt. It is quite open to Lord DERBY to say that he too wishes for peace, but that he wishes for peace without the humiliation of interfering further in vain; or that he wishes for war if matters go beyond a certain point, but that he does not like to conceal from Europe what that point is. It is in every way justifiable that the Conservatives, if they think proper, should raise the personal question and ask whether Lord DERBY and his colleagues could not manage things better than Lord PALMERSTON and his colleagues. And as foreign policy will be the turning-point of the discussion, every mistake which Lord RUSSELL has made supplies his opponents with an argument. Unquestionably he has made some mistakes. He was a little too hasty with Brazil; he gave Russia an opening for a diplomatic victory over him even when he was substantially right; and he gave France very great and very just offence by the discourtesy of his refusal to accede to the Congress. But the country will remember, although the Opposition may forget or deny, that the Ministry has managed some things very well. It has upheld the neutrality which it professed between the parties to the American war. It may be said to have been almost invariably right on points of international law, if it is once assumed that to be right means to take the side most likely to be beneficial to England. It got out of the Mexican complication with promptitude, if not with credit. More than all, it has, in one way or another, secured such a position that its fall would be thought dangerous and likely to lead to war by the vast mass of those who do not care for one party more than another. If, therefore, it is challenged to a contest and to a comparison of competence with its rivals, it will come with many sources of strength, and will have much to set against any blame which its present indecisive policy with regard to Denmark may be held to justify.

AMERICA.

THE Americans are, for the fourth time since the beginning of the war, putting their harness on, and talking as if they were putting it off. The campaign has commenced with General SHERMAN's march towards Mobile, and if it is true that he has abandoned his communications with the Mississippi, his enterprise displays considerable daring. The intentions of General GRANT have not yet been disclosed, and the plans and resources of the Confederates are altogether unknown. In a short time the efficiency of the new Conscription Bill and of the PRESIDENT's proclamation will be tested by experiment, and if 200,000 conscripts or volunteers can be procured, the prospects of the South will be gloomy, though it is evident that its spirit remains unbroken. The House of Representatives has finally accepted some of the amendments of the Senate for the purpose of rendering the conscription more stringent. Substitutes are to be provided only from classes which are not liable to the draft, and exemption by payment of a money composition will only be valid for a year. The Government is not to blame for its inclination to keep its military statistics from the general knowledge. At this moment it is impossible to know, and difficult to conjecture, the actual force available in the field. The Confederates are supposed to have more than 200,000 men present in their various armies, and their enemies, if they hope to effect a complete conquest, ought to number two to one. The military operations will be far more important than the political manoeuvres of the Government and its opponents, but they appear to be thought less interesting. Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. CHASE, and General M'CLELLAN furnish the community with an agreeable diversion from the monotony of war. It is generally understood that the permanent welfare of the country is but slightly affected by the personal qualifications of the PRESIDENT, nor is the political distinction between the doctrines of the two Republican candidates readily appreciable by foreigners. Mr. LINCOLN, a year ago, proclaimed the liberation of all the slaves who were out of his reach, and the emancipation of those who are within the present limits of the Union is rapidly proceeding. Mr. CHASE would go somewhat further in professions, but he would be as powerless as his rival in attempting to legislate for the hostile territory. In ability the SECRETARY of the TREASURY is probably superior to the PRESIDENT, though he is not known to have displayed any statesmanlike qualities, except financial skill. Englishmen may perhaps indulge an excusable prejudice in favour of Mr. LINCOLN, as the only American in high

position who has, since the beginning of the war, never publicly expressed animosity to England. The retirement of his SECRETARY of STATE would excite little regret, but there is unfortunately no chance that the diplomacy of the United States will ever deviate into courtesy or good-breeding. If Mr. CHASE is elected, his Minister will make it his first business to prove that he is as smart and spirited as his predecessor, whereas Mr. SEWARD may possibly have almost exhausted his magazine of spite and bluster. The decision of the Republican Convention will perhaps be determined by the current price of greenbacks. If the finances are found to be tottering, the author of the currency and the debt will share the discredit of his own productions.

The popularity of General M'CLELLAN, if it extended beyond the city of New York, would indicate a revival of the Democratic party; but in the absence of distinctive doctrines, and even of formulas, it is difficult to conduct an agitation. Any serious military disaster might revive the confidence which was formerly felt in M'CLELLAN's ability, and it might at the same time create a disposition to make terms with the South. As long, however, as the belief in conquest and reunion is dominant, there seems to be little opening for the Democrats. Unless M'CLELLAN has an opportunity of resuming his military career, his reputation, which never rested on any remarkable achievement, will be forgotten while popular interest is concentrated on the contemporary events of the war. If it were possible that he should be elected without any previous revolution in circumstances or opinion, a Democratic PRESIDENT would probably continue the policy of Mr. LINCOLN. It is certain that overtures to the Confederate leaders would be contumeliously rejected by those who openly avow their preference of a European Protectorate to Federal reunion; and if conquered territories are to be retained in subjection, military force and martial law, with or without constitutional disguises, are inevitably necessary. When the Presidential election is past, the Government of Washington will perhaps be less eager to create fictitious States as part of a pretended Union; but wherever a conforming minority can be found, it will be expedient to invent some device by which it may be invested with whatever power it is capable of exercising. There is nothing Republican or Abolitionist, nothing characteristic of any political faction, in the contrivance by which one-tenth of the citizens of any State are incorporated as a nominally sovereign community. If military despotism is to be reconciled with Republican forms, voters and elective functionaries must be found to create and preserve the illusion. It matters little whether the franchise is exercised by indigenous renegades or by strangers who have come in the train of the invading armies. An election is an election, and if the title of the State officers or of the Senators and Representatives is questioned, the General in command and the majority at Washington, in their respective departments, are ready to overrule all captious objections. As long as the people of the United States continue to cultivate a resolute belief in fictions, their liberties are not hopelessly destroyed. A sham Constitution is in some sense preferable to the arbitrary Government which it temporarily affects to conceal.

General BANKS seems to have betrayed a deficiency of astuteness in his vigorous legislation against reluctant voters. As he only required a constituency of 5,000, it would have been better to supply unavoidable deficiencies by the employment of soldiers or of negroes than to confess that, after two years' occupation of New Orleans, no appreciable fraction of the community is reconciled to the domination of the North. The interference with the freedom of the voters was less open to criticism. Those who came to the poll advertised their allegiance to Government, and while they were co-operating in a professedly unconstitutional transaction their conscientious objections to the official candidates were wholly misplaced. Every conforming citizen was conscious that he was committing treason against his native State, and it was inconsistent, at the same time, to thwart the authority which could alone protect him against the consequences of his act. The manner in which the Louisianian decree has been received in the North is highly characteristic of the present state of American opinion. A few daring critics doubt the expediency of the measure, but it never seems to occur to the opponents of the Government that General BANKS has exceeded his powers. The will of the majority is an oppressive law, even to the defeated party which has at least had the opportunity of endeavouring to avert an unpalatable decision. But if the supposed wishes of the majority in the North supersede the rights of distant communities, the grievance will be infinitely more serious. Republics have—in Greece, in Italy, and in Switzerland—often governed subject cities and

commonwealths, and probably there is no form of tyranny which has been found so intolerable. Although Mr. LINCOLN has assumed the power of exercising martial law in every State of the Union, he would probably provoke popular resistance if he superseded all the ordinary tribunals in New York or Illinois. Farther South, his delegates not only administer a necessary police, but they establish Constitutions, they organize States, they confiscate property, and they impose coercive labour on the majority of the local population. Neither the PRESIDENT nor his agents think it necessary to ask the aid of Congress even in their most permanent arrangements. While the discussion on the Confiscation Bill was proceeding at Washington, the soil of entire districts had been alienated by the Generals in command from the absent proprietors. When the struggle is over, the former supremacy of law may perhaps be tacitly established, but the Northern Americans will have proved that in difficult circumstances they prefer vigorous measures to freedom. Their choice may be defended on plausible grounds, but it is scarcely consistent with their habitual professions.

The English politicians of different parties who are apparently inclined to urge a warlike policy towards Germany might derive a useful lesson from the exultation which the invasion of Denmark has produced in the United States. It is not that the Americans wish well or ill to either party, although it is usual to court German voters and volunteers by professedly adopting the Schleswig-Holstein cause. The war is welcomed only because it is hoped that England may be involved, and that there will be an opportunity of violating the Foreign Enlistment Act, and of plundering English commerce under a German flag. When such are the wishes of ostentatious and inveterate enemies, the course which they anticipate can scarcely be expedient. But for this special opportunity of expressing ill-will, the popular animosity to England would lately have languished for want of a motive or excuse. There is too much reason to fear that the Presidential canvass will tempt the different factions to bid for popular support by denunciations of England after the manner of Mr. CHASE. Mr. SEWARD, as he is fortunately not a candidate, has no immediate reason for renewing his favourite language of discourtesy and menace. The Democrats will perhaps think it necessary to prove that they are not surpassed by the bitterest Republicans in violence and injustice. In the good old times before the Secession, Northern and Southern politicians maintained an exciting rivalry of vituperation. The CHASES and SUMNERS have since shown that they are competent to represent the animosity to England of their former allies or opponents, in addition to their own. It is highly probable that those who censure the persistent moderation of the English Government are justified in their assumption that the incivility of American statesmen is accurately proportioned to the patience which they have hitherto found it impossible to disturb. If the English nation wished to go to war with the United States, it would not be exposed to incessant threats of a rupture. As long, however, as a peaceable disposition produces no more serious result than unpleasant language, it is not worth while to resent verbal provocations.

THE OXFORD TRIUMPH.

IT is a very difficult thing to know what to do with heretics. They nestle in your bishoprics, they multiply in your Universities, and, in short, always seem to select for their appearance the very places where they are least expected and most inconvenient. Several methods have been proposed for getting rid of them, and each of them has been recommended with that perfect confidence in their success which is characteristic of all inventors. The first idea was to assemble the Bench of Bishops, and solemnly to condemn their books. This plan might have been very efficacious if anybody had thought the worse of the books on that account. But it had only the effect of sending them through several new editions, and making the fortune of an enterprising publisher. The next idea was to attack them by way of prosecution. The word only differed by a couple of letters from the good ancient plan, and came in the end to very much the same thing. This mode of dealing with the annoyance in question would have answered admirably if the Judges could only have been induced to behave as was expected of them. But, as they invariably decided in favour of the accused, the plan did not seem eventually to present all the advantages that were attributed to it in the first instance. However, at last a more promising project was started by some ingenious Churchman, and his cleverness has been rewarded by a magnificent success. One of the offending speculators happened to be a University Professor, and, what was still better, an under-

paid Professor; and as his professorial career had been peculiarly brilliant, some of his friends in a weak moment thought that they might be able to induce the University to vote him an adequate stipend. Here was an unlooked-for opportunity of confounding heresy. It had hitherto triumphed by reason of the perverse prejudices of the public and the Judges. When Bishops denounced a book, the public had only bought it all the more; when Bishops and clergymen prosecuted a book, the Judges had obstinately acquitted it. But here heresy would have to fight stripped of all these adventitious advantages. It must appear upon an arena where neither the law of the Judges nor the opinion of the public would avail it. The Convocation of the University was proudly superior to both these influences, and a signal triumph might be anticipated.

The result has shown that those who reasoned in this manner were sagacious calculators. The judgment of the Privy Council, far from availing Professor JOWETT, has decidedly injured him in the opinion of the University. The formularies of the Church, like every other human composition, are susceptible of different interpretations. The majority that met in the theatre on Tuesday last differed from each other in their interpretation far more widely than any of them differed from the assailed Professor. Combinations such as that which has now triumphed are seldom lasting; and as Dr. PUSEY and his friends were in favour of the statute, it could hardly be regarded as involving any other issue than that of honour and fair play. Professor JOWETT's views, whatever their worth, were uncondemned. Opinions which were supposed to stretch far beyond his had been decided by the highest authority to be within the lawful limits of the Established Church. But these pleas had little weight with a majority of the temper of those who were gathered together from all parts on this occasion. Hating each other much, the accused more, and the Privy Council most of all, they forgot for a brief moment their own deadly feuds, that they might defy the one and wreak their vindictive spite upon the other. So far they have met with absolute success. The Professor is impoverished, and the law has been set at naught. Two competing religions are now commended for the adherence of those who wish to be quiet members of the Church of England. One of them is guaranteed by the acumen of the best lawyers in the land, exercised upon the formularies of that Church. The other is sanctioned by a majority of such country parsons as may have enjoyed leisure or money enough to enable them to take a day's excursion to the University. There is always something gratifying to a reflective mind in seeing what great effects can be produced by the minutest causes. We are told that this vote is a great triumph. It is even held to have redressed the reverse that was sustained a short time ago at Whitehall. And this great victory over the highest Courts of English jurisprudence has been achieved by seventy country clergy of the average type. Every member of the profession must feel that his own importance has been raised by the event.

The victory over public opinion has been equally complete, and to those who have achieved it will no doubt be equally satisfactory. But whether it is a victory that will be equally permanent may be fairly doubted. Even in the Sheldonian theatre itself there is a horrible possibility that the verdict may be reversed. We hope, of course, that Archdeacon DENISON, and the new Evangelical allies who acted with him on this occasion, may long be spared to us, to add spice and flavour to a theology which without them might become insipid. The day when Archdeacons shall cease to worry Professors will be as sad and as dull a day as that when pointers shall cease to put up partridges. And yet, unless combativeness be inherent in the office, the inevitable day must come when there shall be a new Archdeacon of Taunton; and it may even be that he will be meek, and poor of spirit, and a peace-maker, and in fact tainted with all those other qualities enumerated in a certain celebrated Sermon. And it may be, that the change which will take place there may extend itself still more widely. We must cast our eyes forward if we wish to estimate the true effect of Tuesday's vote. If the present clergy, and the present Convocation, could last for ever, its effect might be unimportant. But in course of time their places must be filled by those who are now undergraduates. Above and around the excited majority in the area of the theatre there were spectators who will one day occupy its place and shape its decisions. What were their feelings when the result of the scrutiny was announced?

It is hard to reflect without indignation upon the lasting and wide-spread evil which in this case a few fanatics, by the folly of a few weeks, have been able to effect. Without pronouncing upon the character of the Professor's opinions, it is impossible to doubt upon which side the true heart and head of the University were ranged.

The dogmatic controversy probably interested few. But all outside or inside the theatre that was likely to rise above the common level, or to leave any mark upon contemporary thought, was on the side of tolerance, and generosity, and justice. The feelings, at least, of the undergraduates upon the question were notorious, and admit of no controversy. Is it a matter for triumph that in their minds the Established Church and her formularies are associated with the narrowest bigotry and the most vindictive religious passions? The persecution of Professor JOWETT has continued now for many years. If he had been left alone, he might at most have persuaded a few, by his personal influence, to become the disciples of his cloudy creed. But his enemies have secured for him a power which in his most sanguine dreams he could not have foreseen. There are few motives of human conduct more potent than indignation against oppression and contempt for pious imbecility; and these have been presented to Professor JOWETT by his opponents as reinforcements to his cause. Or rather they have come in aid of projects far more destructive than any that Professor JOWETT would care to advocate. Generation after generation has left the University impressed with the conviction that orthodoxy means narrowness of mind and a taste for petty tyranny, and that laxity of belief is synonymous with mental vigour, as well as with sympathy for the oppressed. The influence of this feeling is beginning to make itself felt in every department of life. At the bar, in Parliament, even within the ranks of the clergy themselves, the young men who are pressing forward differ on all possible questions of political opinion; but they all agree in this one thing, that they regard the dominant section of the orthodox party in the Established Church with a mixture of horror and contempt. It is unjust to turn these feelings upon a system, and upon men who have done nothing to deserve them. But a man's University career is just that period of a man's life during which impressions are made that do not quickly wear away. The triumph which the enemies of Professor JOWETT have achieved, and which they consummated on Tuesday last, is that they have contrived to inspire a whole generation of the ruling class with a thorough, though sometimes a concealed aversion, for the accepted and traditional doctrines of the Established Church.

THE SITUATION OF THE CONTINENT.

THE proclamation of a state of siege in Galicia admits of a simpler explanation than is suggested by the hypothesis of a renewal of the Holy Alliance. Austria is at war, and cannot tell how far the war, once begun, may be made to extend. If it grows larger, the greatest danger it can bring her lies in the probability that it may arouse her disaffected provinces into open revolt. To make sure that this shall not happen, she takes the precaution of putting down the Galician insurrection before it exists; and if the Galicians may fairly complain that Austria has first encouraged them and then left them to reap the penalties of trusting to her, Austria is far too hardened an offender to be very sensitive about lying under one more charge of treachery. Prussia cannot be in much fear of an outbreak in Posen, but there might be disturbances towards her Russian frontier which would endanger the peace and the property of those German settlers who act as an army of occupation over the conquered Poles. Russia evidently gains by Austria assuming a decisive attitude against the revolutionary party, and by having that storehouse of men and arms closed to the rebels which the Poles found so useful last summer. The interests of Austria and Russia are very much the same when the danger that threatens them is domestic disturbance, and not a foreign war. Austria was not sorry to see Russia weakened and humbled in the Crimea, and Russia bore with calm equanimity the defeats of Magenta and Solferino. But an insurrection in Hungary would probably lead to a renewal of the Polish struggle, and to a general outbreak among those wild Danubian peoples whom Russia wishes to see in a state of repose, unless it is at her bidding that they rise. It is stated that Austria and Prussia are now closely allied, and are pledged, in the event of a war, to defend each other's territories; and the fact may readily be believed. Prussia has her own schemes of aggrandisement in the North of Germany; and if the allies are prepared to defy France, Austria may be induced to leave Prussia the substantial spoils of the Schleswig campaign, provided that Prussia will help her to keep her hold on Venetia. Austria wants help against Hungary and Italy, and against that great Power at whose nod Hungary and Italy move or are still. She can make it the interest of Russia to overawe or overpower Hungary, and she can make it the interest of Prussia to oppose very formi-

dable difficulties to the emancipation of Venetia. Apparently it is thought very natural at Vienna that she should take steps in both these directions — that whereas a few months ago she seemed disposed to aid the Poles, she should now be prepared to shoot and exile Poles on her own account; and that whereas a few days ago she treated the invasion of Jutland as a wrongful act, she should now be threatening Fredericia. The theoretical admirers of the new Austrian Constitution affect to regret the policy adopted by the Government in Galicia as a reactionary and arbitrary measure. But the Austrian Constitution, however well and honestly intended, has never been a Constitution for any but the Germans, and the Germans are not much offended by a step which is an immediate consequence of the crusade they have promoted in Schleswig. Circumstances have arisen that tend to bring together the three Powers which nearly forty years ago were united in the Holy Alliance. They are now, as they were then, attracted to each other by a common fear of revolution and a common jealousy of France. But there is a great difference between an organized co-operation for the advancement of distinct political principles and the vague approximation to friendliness, or even the more definite alliance, which is brought about by a temporary community of interests. It is only in Prussia that the Crown or its advisers now speak of the sacred necessity of subduing democracy by armed force, and of liberty as a hateful thing. The three Powers have no strong belief or principles in common; the difficulties which they have to contend with are very different; and it may soon appear, should the trial be made, that their interests will begin to be divergent.

Still it is a noticeable fact that, on the one hand, the three great military Powers of Eastern Europe are being drawn together, even though their union may be short-lived; and that, on the other hand, France is being gently impelled to ally herself more and more with that party which its enemies call revolutionary and its friends prefer to call national. It cannot be without some effect that the Opposition steadily increases its numbers in the French Chambers, and that one large town constituency after another rejects the candidates of the Government. It is true that the opponents of the Government are by no means all in favour of war, and some of them make rigid economy and a reduction of the estimates the basis of their policy. But the opponents of the Government, with one or two exceptions, all unite in hatred of the clerical party, and in a desire that the EMPEROR should show himself independent of the priests. They almost all object strongly to the occupation of Rome, and their success shows that the occupation of Rome is likely to become more and more distasteful to the masses of France. Many events also combine to make the position of the French troops at Rome untenable. They, like everything else at Rome, are an anomaly. They protect the POPE, but the POPE does not protect them even against the insults of his own rascally soldiers. It appears that the POPE's soldiers have a pleasant habit of crowing like cocks when they meet with any body of French soldiers too small to inspire fear, and a few days ago they crowed so loudly and so long that the incensed Frenchmen collected their companions and made a regular charge on the Pontifical Chasseurs. The French are responsible for all the misgovernment that goes on at Rome, for, if they were not there, the POPE would not be there either to misgovern his subjects, and yet they are not allowed to take the police of the City into their hands and to prevent the most terrible crimes being committed in the open day. When Frenchmen hear of their sons and brothers being crowded at by a set of miserable mercenaries, and condemned to stand idle while assassins stalk the streets of Rome, they will begin to think that they are paying too dearly for the applause of priests, and that while the consequences in a future world of abandoning the temporal power are uncertain, there can be no doubt about the terrible scandals to which it gives rise in this. But it would be impossible that the withdrawal of the French troops should be an isolated act, and that its consequences should cease with the embarkation of the last Zouave. The party of action would be excited throughout Europe, and the EMPEROR would be sure to consider how he could make the best use of this excitement. It is scarcely likely that the occupation of Rome would be terminated unless a war with Austria had been resolved on. And yet, sooner or later, the EMPEROR, if he lives, must either change or abandon his position at Rome. The experiment has been tried and has proved a complete failure, and this France is beginning to see and to pronounce. If France would really occupy Rome, govern it on secular principles, assume the management of the police, and introduce security of life and property, the EMPEROR might

lose his hold on the revolutionary party, but he might possibly gratify the bulk of his subjects, and he would at least get rid of the present scandals. But the present state of things cannot last much longer. An EMPEROR who is EMPEROR because he is powerful cannot afford for ever to show himself so powerless.

Although, however, Austria has been led to seek the support of Russia and Prussia, and has an opportunity of securing it for a time, and although France, in spite of her sincere desire for peace, is being brought nearer to changes which threaten Europe with a general commotion, there is no reason why war should break out soon on a large scale. If there were anything like a renewal of the Holy Alliance, war would be unavoidable. The passions and fears of men would be too vividly awakened to make any other issue of such an appeal to antagonistic principles possible. If France burned to head the revolution, and to introduce a new order of things everywhere, to push forward her frontiers at all costs, and to change the map of Europe, war would be equally certain. But both Austria and France feel the force of conflicting impulses. Austria knows by sad experience how wearisome and onerous it is to govern year after year discomfited rebels by the mere power of the sword. After hopes of better things, it would be mournful for her statesmen to have to confess that henceforth mercy and reconciliation are impossible, and that, if she is to rule at all, she must rule as the Spaniards once ruled in the Netherlands, and as the Federals long to rule in the States of the South. As Austria has not the advantage of being a new, free, and prosperous democracy, she is, we believe, quite sincere in recoiling from the prospect of an interminable and blood-thirsty tyranny. Nor is it conceivable that Germany, or even Prussia itself, should consent to wage any hearty war in behalf of military despotism, and the ardour of the most ambitious Prussian may be cooled if he studies minutely the successes of the Prussian troops in Schleswig, and seriously asks himself where those depressed boys would be if they had to stand against Zouaves in a fair fight. Nor is it more for the interest of France to begin the fray. The EMPEROR feels a natural reluctance to engage in a contest where he would have so little to gain and so much to lose, and where either success or failure might, in the long run, damage his position. In theory it is attractive to be the crowned king of revolution, but in practice revolution is apt to be a troublesome subject. It may be added that in no country in Europe except in Italy is there any real wish for war, and that, if the Schleswig-Holstein quarrel can but be brought to a settlement that promises to be permanent and tolerably satisfactory, the content diffused through Germany will be an additional guarantee of peace.

THE GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES BILL.

MR. GLADSTONE delivered one of his most characteristic speeches on his Bill for granting Government policies of assurance on life. Confident, vigorous, copious, and aggressive, he convinced many of his hearers; but he also irritated and united the opponents of his scheme. If the measure is as prudent and as important as it seems to its author, it might perhaps have been more judicious to evade the hostility of 20,000 Societies, including, it is said, 3,000,000 members. It is indeed for the benefit of the poorer classes that Mr. GLADSTONE wishes to provide, and it would be well if his warnings were likely to affect the probable sufferers from mismanagement and fraud; but the small economists of the workshop and the factory will be guided by the opinions of the very persons whom Mr. GLADSTONE's censure will have converted into enemies. Mr. GEORGE POTTER, the strike-monger, has, it seems, already commenced an agitation against the Bill, and his efforts will be facilitated by an unnecessary denunciation of those Friendly Societies which are connected with Trades Unions. A less eloquent statement, in which the legislator had, like an old-fashioned speaker, "disabled" himself and described his proposal as comparatively modest and unimportant, would perhaps have been better adapted to the occasion; but it is not in Mr. GLADSTONE's nature to be indifferent or commonplace, and genius and earnestness are not of so frequent occurrence as to require reprehension when they appear. The exposition of the numerous shortcomings of Friendly Societies produced a deep impression on the House; and the measure would have been carried if its progress had been dependent on a single vote; but its chance of success will perhaps be diminished as the recollection of Mr. GLADSTONE's eloquence gradually fades from memory. It will not be enough to satisfy the minds of disinterested reasoners if those who are immediately concerned in the investment of small savings are generally alarmed and offended. A strong pressure will probably be brought to bear on individual members, and many

excuses may be found for yielding to the popular feeling. Mr. GLADSTONE's elaborate statistics are defective in not showing the number of losses to insurers which have actually occurred; but perhaps the danger which is chiefly to be apprehended is yet contingent, as many of the Societies still fall short of the age at which deferred liabilities will press most heavily on their resources. The amalgamations which were stigmatized by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BOVILL are highly suspicious; and though the operation is not absolutely conclusive of the unsoundness of the Society which is absorbed, there is too much reason to fear that the general description of the small Insurance Offices and Friendly Societies is substantially just.

If Parliament is satisfied that the poorer classes are habitually defrauded or deluded, the abstract objection to Government interference in commercial transactions will not be allowed to prevail. Mr. ROEBUCK stands alone in his opinion that the Post-office would be better managed by private companies, although it is evident that the postal service might be far more cheaply performed. A net revenue of 1,700,000*l.*, earned without any outlay of capital, might well attract the cupidity of speculators; and the contributors to the fund might fairly complain of exorbitant charges if they were not, like members of a co-operative society, recipients in their capacity of taxpayers of their due proportion of the general profits. Postage may be almost equally divided into payment for service performed and taxation which is not unfairly nor inconveniently levied. No private company could exercise the same uniformity of administration, and the profits of the shareholders would form a deduction from the saving which might be effected in the rates. The Post-office Savings Banks were legitimately instituted, because the Government possessed two exclusive advantages in the transaction of the necessary business. The existing Post-offices supplied ready-made banks and clerks, and the public credit offers perfect and unique security to the depositor. It is always thrifty to utilize existing resources by incidental applications of power which was originally provided for other purposes. Any ship might be fitted with an apparatus for turning salt water into fresh, but it is cheaper to use the furnace of the engine than to supply a separate fire. The credit of the Government ought to be carefully guarded against any external employment by which it might possibly be endangered or diminished. A guarantee of a colonial loan is equivalent to a fractional increase of the National Debt; but as long as the administration of the Post-office Savings Banks is properly conducted, the Government incurs no risk whatever, while it confers an appreciable benefit on a portion of the community. The receipt of money at the different offices, the investment in the funds, and the payment of interest at a rate which leaves a margin for expenses, are strictly mechanical operations which have nothing to do with commercial enterprise. As the managers of private Savings Banks also dispensed with profit, there was no question of vexatious competition.

Friendly Societies also profess to exclude the element of speculation, nor are their members aggrieved by the substitution of a process which effects their objects more safely and cheaply. To the objection that the Government only assumes the least onerous of their functions, Mr. GLADSTONE replies, with an economical strictness for which popular associations are perhaps scarcely prepared, that every department of their business ought to be separately profitable and sound. The Government will neither insure the lives of children nor provide allowances in sickness, but it will grant policies on lives above sixteen, with absolute security to the insurer. It will perhaps be found, on investigation, that the business of life insurance is conducted rather by joint-stock companies than by Friendly Societies. The insurances which are granted by the Societies are principally effected on the lives of children, and they bear the curious and significant name of burial payments. When a working man deliberately insures his own life for the benefit of his family, he generally applies to a company. The companies represented by Mr. H. B. SHERIDAN may more fairly complain of commercial competition, and they prefer a special claim to consideration on the ground that their agents are missionaries of prudence and foresight. One of their promoters complained that, as soon as a poor man was convinced by the eloquence of the local agent that it was his duty to insure, he would take leave of his informant and walk off to the Post-office with his proposal for a policy. On the other hand, it is urged that the Government offers no attractions except certainty and simplicity. The rate of premium will be higher, and, if the business is to be safely conducted, the selection of insurable lives will at least not be more careless. As Mr. GLADSTONE argues, the agent who receives 25 per cent. on the premium is not likely to be rigorous in his supervision;

but the postmaster will be less anxious to attract business to the office, nor will his persuasive voice be heard in the cottage. The most prudent insurers will seek for absolute certainty, but the majority may perhaps still prefer immediate cheapness in the rate of premium. Experience only can show whether it will be possible to compete with an insurer who is proof against risk, and willing to dispense with profit.

The most serious objections to the measure will, perhaps, apply to its details. In the first instance, it will be necessary to receive a fuller explanation of the financial machinery by which the receipts of the Government are to be made applicable to its future liabilities. It would be highly undesirable that a fund should accumulate for twenty or thirty years, in the prospect of a heavy contingent demand as the policies which have first been effected begin to fall due. The stock which is bought with the premiums is not to be sold, but Mr. GLADSTONE does not state whether it is to be placed to a separate account, and held as a security against the charges of the undertaking. The difficulty of securing the exercise of sufficient vigilance in the acceptance of lives has occurred to every critic of the measure, and few had anticipated Mr. GLADSTONE's discovery that the lives of working men admit of the simplest and readiest valuation. According to his rule, which, though new, may possibly be sound, it is only necessary to know the age, the trade, and the habits of drinking or of sobriety. The artisan and the domestic servant have, it seems, no peculiarities of constitution or temperament which disturb the general average. The proposition is not unlike a minor law of nature, but it still more suspiciously resembles a formula of Mr. GLADSTONE's intellect. If it is well founded, the postmaster and the parish doctor may perhaps be competent to answer the three normal questions. Unluckily, it is impossible to try the experiment of Government insurance within any reasonable time. Miscalculations and imperfect precautions will only produce their natural results when twenty or thirty years have elapsed; and in the mean time, Mr. GLADSTONE's adversaries will be as positive as himself in their assertions that his project entails an eventual loss on the country. On the whole, it is better to incur the risk of a doubtful speculation than to abandon an experiment which may largely benefit the working classes. There is no party feeling on the question, and the House of Commons is not at present disposed to regard too favourably the vested rights of the Insurance Companies. If the Friendly Societies and their leaders can be persuaded that their system is not endangered, the Bill will probably surmount the threatened opposition.

THE ENDOWMENT MINUTE.

THERE are few positions more worthy of commiseration than that of the manager of an assisted school. Nominally, he is, or was, a partner of the Government in the great work of educating the people. It was his part to contribute, beg, borrow, or find in some other way one-half of the money required for the purposes of education in his district, and the part of the Government was to contribute the other half. This was the original arrangement. Under its shelter, an enormous number of managers devoted themselves to the unwelcome labour of philanthropic mendicancy; and the country, without the need of any compulsory law, was supplied with a system of national education. But when Mr. Lowe came into office, the conception of the relation between the State and the managers underwent a material alteration. The new VICE-PRESIDENT no longer looked upon them as partners in a benevolent labour, to whom gratitude and consideration were due. He rather took the more business-like view of their value and capabilities which a mediæval baron might have taken of a rich Jew who was unlucky enough to fall into his clutches. The question in his mind has always been, not what measure they are entitled to, but what amount of money can be squeezed out of them. By promises of bountiful support they had been induced to devote their money and their labour largely to the establishment of schools. They had thus given a hostage to the Government by which their future pliability was in some degree insured. Men do not like to abandon what they have spent and toiled during half their lives to set up. Exaction, and even breach of faith, might be practised upon them to a certain extent without fear of driving them to give up their undertakings. The only precaution to be observed was that the pressure should be applied gradually. Too large a demand at once might spoil the whole game. It might disgust them for ever, and the whole work of education might be thrown finally back upon the State.

This is the only possible explanation of the apparently

desultory character of Mr. LOWE's legislation. The patience of the managers, like the ice in the fable, is only thick enough to bear one educational revolution at a time. It was strained to the uttermost by the Revised Code. It would not have borne an ounce more without giving way. Probably it would not even have endured the burden that was laid upon it then but for the solemn assurances which were given that the change then made was a final change, and that the managers might base their calculations for many years to come upon the settlement then offered to them. They were soon to be undeceived. The struggle was terminated, but it was only in order to recommence. The very next year after the great settlement of the Revised Code, the VICE-PRESIDENT had a new demand ready to make upon the unhappy managers—a new principle of reduction to apply to the already diminished aid they were receiving from the State. Putting aside for the moment the larger questions which the new Endowment Minute involves, it is evident that these constant changes are a serious hardship upon the managers. They never know what it is upon which they have to depend. In any case their position is precarious enough. The gravest injustice inflicted by the Revised Code was that it placed them in the position of having to meet certain demands with an uncertain income. They know what they must pay; they never know what they are to receive. The one is a matter of definite contract; the other depends on the weather, upon the day of examination, the nervousness of a few children, the temper or digestion of an Inspector, the state of the roads at the time when that Inspector's visit is fixed. It is bad enough to load philanthropic fellow-labourers with the burden of uncertainties of this kind. It is hard enough to say to a kindly-hearted clergyman, "You shall pledge yourself to an undefined debt, or you shall be precluded from aiding your poor parishioners to educate their children." But now a new element of uncertainty is added to those which existed before. Among the many unknown quantities that enter into a manager's calculations must now be included an estimate of the temper and tendencies of the Vice-President of the day. He must forecast the exact amount of revolution which is likely to be agreeable to that statesman's character. If he makes a mistake, and imagines a conservatism which does not really exist, he is liable to unpleasant surprises. At any moment, when he looks not for it, a Minute may come out cutting down the support upon which he counted, and in reference to which all his plans of expenditure were drawn. The injustice of exposing to this harassing uncertainty men who have undertaken the education of the poor for no private ends, but purely with a view to the public good, is a consideration which it would be probably vain to address to Mr. LOWE. Yet at least he may see the danger of disgusting a class who have done so much to fulfil the duties which otherwise would have fallen upon the State, and whose alienation would leave an irreparable void. But practical evils convey no warning to such a mind, for it is cased in the thick protection of an impenetrable dogma. Upon the principle that there is nothing so bad as the corruption of that which is best, the pedantry which caricatures a science is the worst disease that can afflict a statesman. A political economist gone mad is the most dangerous of fanatics. Mr. LOWE obviously reasons upon the principle that Education is a marketable article, the supply of which should be determined by the demand. All artificial methods of stimulating the demand by increasing the supply—State aid, benevolent contribution, testamentary endowment—are an abomination to his unbending orthodoxy. Two years ago he intimated, in very distinct language, his objection to the first two of these modes of supplying education to those who do not choose to pay for it. On Tuesday night he expressed very openly his objections to endowment as an instrument to the same end. He is of course at liberty to hold what opinions he pleases on these subjects. But they are directly antagonistic to the system which he is called upon to administer. If he intends to give them a practical expression, the managers who are taught to trust to the system he is sapping ought to be duly warned.

The amount which is involved in the Minute that has been just condemned is of secondary moment. But the principle is an important one. One or two of the more theoretical statesmen of the present day seem to be inclined to make common cause with an extreme section of Dis-senters, and to condemn all endowments as in themselves pernicious. This view was ably maintained by Mr. GLADSTONE in his speech upon the Charities last year; and it finds a less forcible expression in the defence urged by Mr. LOWE for the recent Minute upon Tuesday last. Before our institutions could be remodelled upon such a

principle, an amount of alteration in them would be necessary which it is difficult to contemplate without dismay. The view itself, looked upon in the abstract, is open to the objection, applicable to many of the views of theorists of this class, that it assumes an ideal condition of human nature. If institutions could be maintained by a stream of voluntary contributions, spontaneously tendered and unfailingly supplied, there is no doubt that endowments would not only be superfluous but pernicious. But, as a sad matter of fact, the choice lies between endowments, with all their admitted evils, and the degrading and uncertain support of benevolent begging. Endowments may be misapplied. The legislative precautions which have recently been taken have, however, materially reduced this danger; and it is not too much to say that if for the future they are abused, it can only be with the complicity of some of the highest legal authorities of the realm. But even in their degeneracy they are less revolting, less morally injurious, than the black mail which is raised by the pitiless importunity of philanthropists lost to shame. And the permanence of the support which they offer ought not to be left out of consideration. It is only by their help that many a religious and benevolent enterprise has been enabled to survive without fatal injury those comatose intervals of public feeling which precede and follow the one, or at most two, enthusiastic movements by which each century is marked. It would be a matter of hearty congratulation if the future education of the people could be secured from the capricious variations of the tide of popular feeling. As it is, many of our village schools, which have sprung up in a period of excitement, will decay when the period of apathy sets in. And if, in any of those, the hostility of the Government has discouraged endowment, it will be upon their theoretic vagaries that the blame of such evils will justly fall.

THE DANISH WAR.

WHEN the Danish war was mentioned in the House of Lords on Tuesday evening, Lord DERBY prudently abstained from pledging himself to any definite policy. Lord ELLENBOROUGH, Lord GREY, and Lord HARROWBY gave less reserved expression to that anger and disappointment which undoubtedly prevail throughout the upper classes of English society. One speaker felt deeply humiliated by the study of the Correspondence, while another went so far as to express a hope that the Austrian squadron would be encountered by an English fleet at the entrance to the Baltic; and Lord RUSSELL himself more culpably indulged in a mischievous flourish about the superiority of England to Austria and Prussia at sea. There is, however, a wide interval between dissatisfaction and unnecessary and impolitic war. It was said in the House of Lords that the beginning of strife is like the letting out of waters, and the proverb was illustrated by the extension of military operations from Schleswig to the purely Danish province of Jutland. If the more inconsiderate partisans of Denmark had their way, and if the empty threats of the Government had a meaning, a still more formidable inundation would follow the first opening of the sluices of war. But, before English blood and money are expended in the quarrel, it would at least be judicious to inquire whether national interest or written obligations require an armed intervention on behalf of the Danes. The Powers which have commenced the war profess their purpose of adhering to a treaty which includes no English guarantee. It is not disputed that they had a technical ground of hostilities, and it is probable that even now the dispute might be settled by concessions which would preserve the independence of Denmark while satisfying the demands of Germany. A declaration of war against Austria and Prussia would be a mere expression of angry feeling, unsupported by any intelligible principle of international policy. It would have been infinitely more excusable to resist the French invasion of Spain, the Austrian interference in Naples, the annexation of Cracow, or the Russian oppression of Poland in 1831 and 1863. The resistance of successive Governments to warlike agitation has, since 1815, never been subsequently disapproved by the deliberate judgment of the community; and there is nothing in the Danish controversy which ought to disturb the settled policy of the country, for the oppression of the weak by the strong has seldom been palliated by so many plausible excuses. Every duty towards Denmark which can be attributed to England is equally incumbent on France and Russia. A joint resistance to Germany would for many reasons be inexpedient, but it might possibly be effective. It would be a quixotic act of rashness to interfere separately, while France is intriguing with the enemies of Denmark in the German

Confederation, and while Russia is bartering her connivance with Austria and Prussia for their toleration or assistance in Poland.

The risk of war is caused less by any consideration of general policy than by the popular impression that the English Government has received a series of affronts. The Correspondence shows that Lord RUSSELL has been repeatedly baffled, but during the greater part of the negotiations he was virtually acting as a mediator, at the request of both the disputants. His despatches do somewhat more than justice to the arguments which are urged in favour of Denmark, but they at the same time show readiness to admit that the complaints of Germany were not altogether unfounded. The conduct of the English Minister will probably receive substantial approval when the history of the transactions is studied in detail, but unfortunately Lord RUSSELL's communications are too often disfigured by a tone of acrimony or of menace. It is quite enough to give good advice, without a discourteous intimation that it must be followed on pain of certain undefined consequences. The disputant who is already excited with the controversy is inevitably irritated by the threat, and he is afterwards moved to contempt when he finds that it was a mere excrescence of rhetoric. The despatches contain no definite announcement that hostilities will ensue on any contingency which is discussed; but, if the Danes had possessed means of access to Lord RUSSELL's correspondence with his agents in Germany, their resistance would certainly have been encouraged by vague intimations that the authors of an unjust invasion must bear the responsibility of their aggression. The taunts of the French press, the noisy defiance of the Germans, and, above all, the dangerous irritation of English politicians, are all in some degree founded on Lord RUSSELL's defects of temper, or rather of tact; and there is much reason to suppose that the FOREIGN SECRETARY himself has been so much annoyed by the criticisms which he has provoked as to have sometimes needed the restraining hand of more dispassionate colleagues. His verbal indiscretions are the more vexatious because they impair the effect of a policy which has been otherwise almost unobjectionable. No diplomatist could have averted by any means, except perhaps by an unjustifiable display of force, the collision which has proceeded from fear, from anger, and from the irreconcilable positions of the belligerents. Two hostile nations, severally unanimous in the assertion of their supposed rights, are not to be diverted from war by friendly advice. It would have been more dignified perhaps to abstain from ineffectual attempts to mediate, but it was difficult to foresee that negotiation must be inevitably useless.

There are some arguments which cannot be admitted and yet cannot be answered. The English Ministers at some of the small German Courts informed Lord RUSSELL that the Kings and Grand Dukes to whom they were accredited had to choose between measures against Denmark and dethronement. When Lord RUSSELL returned the conventional reply that firmness would be the best security against revolution, he was assured that the agitation was wholly irresistible. Austria and Prussia, though they were accustomed to disregard the wishes of their subjects, had a double cause of anxiety if they provoked discontent in their own dominions and hostility on the part of their Confederates. It was indispensable to their popularity, if not to their safety, to assume, with more or less reserve, the championship of the national cause; and while they were urged to war by the influence of the general feeling, the Danish Government displayed a perverse ingenuity in providing them with real or with technical grievances. At the last moment, when the invading forces were already on the border of Schleswig, the King of DENMARK offered to convoke the Rigsraad, and to recommend the repeal of the obnoxious Constitution. It happened, however, that the concession which was tardily offered itself involved, by an astute legal construction, a fresh cause of offence. The Rigsraad which had passed the Constitution had, by the operation of its own act, irrevocably ceased to exist, and the only Parliament which the King could summon purported, in defiance of the German remonstrances, to represent both Denmark and Schleswig as one political community. The allied generals would probably in any case have persevered in their march, but the Governments were glad of a pretext for refusing to accept the proposed suicide of the Rigsraad. The objection will probably be found legally tenable, and Germany is not disposed to strain the law in favour of peace.

In the last despatch of the published series, the French Government formally refuses to engage in war on behalf of Denmark. The answer refers to an inquiry of Lord RUSSELL's

whether France would be inclined to join England in an armed resistance to the dismemberment of the Danish monarchy. The inquiry was scarcely prudent, and it might have been kept secret without disadvantage. It is not desirable to engage in any manner the future policy of England, nor is it possible to appreciate the circumstances under which the practical question of peace or war may hereafter require a decision. If the present war proceeds, the belligerent Powers will certainly raise the terms of peace, for they will probably find it expedient to fall back on the support of Germany. A dismemberment might only affect Holstein, which the Danes would be willing to surrender; and even if it extended to the German half of Schleswig, it would be entirely consistent with expediency, though not with the Treaty of 1852. The fate of a section of a province may, in certain cases, be a sufficient subject for a war; but it is always convenient to postpone a decision until choice becomes unavoidable. Lord RUSSELL will not find the German Governments more ready to listen to his counsels when they know that he has been meditating an alliance with France in opposition to their claims. If the contending parties are still open to friendly advice, the first object of the English Government ought to be the conclusion of an armistice, and the second the relaxation of the obstinate resolutions of Denmark. It is too late to insist on the bare arrangements of 1851, and if the Danish Government refuses to admit less impressive arguments, there can be no disgrace in yielding to irresistible force. For the present, the Sibylline books, though they are becoming rapidly dearer, are not beyond the means of Denmark.

RAILWAYS IN LONDON.

THANKS to the labours of the Joint Committee of the Lords and Commons, the map of London is beginning to emerge once more from the net-work of railway projects in which it was encaged. The vast number of lines still allowed to remain and take their chances of a Parliamentary campaign might at first suggest the idea that the combined strength of the two Houses had been unequal to the burden laid upon them, but the list of the slain is sufficient proof that there has been no lack of energy in dealing with the emergency. Altogether, between 70 and 80 miles of projected railways, which were proposed to be constructed through the metropolitan district, at an estimated cost of between 20 and 30 millions sterling, have been postponed, for the present Session at any rate; and though about an equal extent of railway is still left to be disposed of, a large proportion of this consists of lines outside of the boundary of London proper, which will in no way interfere with the comfort of its inhabitants. Even the lines which are thus far permitted to proceed must be largely reduced in the process of passing through Parliament, for some are avowedly left as alternative lines to be consolidated by private arrangement or to be presented for selection to the Committees of the two Houses. The reasonable alarm lest London should be sacrificed to the benefactors who proposed to provide it with railway advantages may now be laid aside, and one may examine in a calmer frame of mind the map which shows what the real benefits are that may be expected from the speculations of 1864.

The principle on which the Joint Committee has proceeded is identical with that of the Lords' Committee of last year. As a rule, all the lines intended to create huge central stations and to bring the great trunk lines further into the heart of the City or the West End are rejected. The lines which were projected to bring the Midland and Great Northern traffic to Charing Cross have been expunged, and a scheme designed to connect the Great Eastern with the Metropolitan system at Farringdon Street has met with the same fate. The only exceptions to this policy are that the Great Eastern is permitted to creep up from the wilds of Shoreditch a little nearer to the Bank, and that one line which threatens to lead the North-Western Railway along Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross escapes condemnation on the plea that part of the project is to construct, above the level of the railway, a new street from the Strand to New Oxford Street, which may perhaps relieve the cab and omnibus traffic at Charing Cross as much as the concentration of railways upon this point is likely to increase it. The policy of getting as much public benefit as possible out of new railway companies, by making the formation of new streets a condition of granting the powers they ask, is plausible, and perhaps sound; but whether the finest street that can be built from Hungerford Market to Tottenham Court Road will

compensate for the nuisance of bringing so many railways to a thoroughfare as crowded as the Strand, is a question that will need a good deal of further consideration. The novelty, however, of the combined road and rail arrangement is quite enough to justify the Joint Committee in leaving the promoters of this otherwise objectionable scheme to say what can be said for it before the Private Bill Committees. Having thus summarily disposed of nearly all the schemes which sought to penetrate into the heart of the metropolis, the Committee turned their attention to certain lines intended to undermine Oxford Street and the Thames Embankment. As it was proposed to work these on the pneumatic principle—that is to say, to blow the trains through a tube, as is now done with parcels and mail-bags—it was very judiciously determined that the centre of the largest city in the world was not exactly the best place in which to try so novel an experiment; and that, if the great thoroughfares are to be blocked up, it shall not be on the mere chance of obtaining a working line of railway as a compensation. Several other projects were set aside because they involved the construction of enormous viaducts across the Thames below London Bridge; and the result of this preliminary skirmishing was to leave only a number of competing schemes for the establishment of the Inner and Outer Circles of railway communication which were recommended by the Committee of last year.

All the plans for an Inner Circle are, in their general features, identical. They propose to pick up the Metropolitan trains at Paddington, to pass round Kensington Gardens through the Campden Hill district, and then by the Brompton Boilers to Victoria Street and the Thames Embankment, making their way thence by the proposed new street, and along the direction of Cannon Street, and ultimately winding round so as to pass through the Fenchurch Street station, and back again to Finsbury Circus to meet the Metropolitan Railway, and thus complete the circuit. It is obvious that, if there is to be an interior circle of railways at all, it must follow some such course as this; and accordingly different portions of the circuit are claimed by three or four different Companies, of which three—the Metropolitan District, the Metropolitan Union, and the Notting Hill and Brompton—have survived the operations of the Committee. From Brompton to Finsbury Circus the two former schemes are laid down almost side by side, and the Committee recommend that the promoters of these rival projects should communicate together, and with the surveyors of the City and Metropolitan Board, and devise the most perfect line which their several plans will admit of. The prudence of the suggestion is only equalled by the difficulty of carrying out an arrangement by which one of two rival sets of promoters must be sacrificed or bought off; but probably the risk of rejection after a costly contest may induce more wisdom in the managers of these undertakings than railway projectors have ordinarily displayed. With the exception of some outlying lines on the East and South, one of which is to cross the river by the Thames Tunnel, and so to complete the existing outer circle of iron road, and a harmless line from Baker Street to St. John's Wood, the projects we have mentioned are the only schemes which have passed through the preliminary ordeal of the Joint Committee. All the plans for the construction of outer circles of railways to connect the great trunk lines with one another, and to assist in distributing their traffic, have been blotted out by the Committee, for the very excellent reason that there is no necessity for authorising the construction of an outer circle, inasmuch as the said outer circle is already in existence, with the exception of a short section in the East, which will be supplied by the Thames Tunnel line.

After all that has been said about the immense convenience of a complete suburban circuit, it is a little startling to discover that we have been in the enjoyment of this inestimable advantage for years without knowing it, or at any rate without highly appreciating the benefit. Any one who pleases may get into a train at Fenchurch Street, make the entire circuit of London, either by a wide sweep through Kew, or by a shorter, though not more speedy, route through Kensington and Clapham, and so back again to the South side of London Bridge or to Cannon Street, within half a mile of the starting-point. What more, it may be asked, need the most restless travellers desire, and why should there be a clamour for yet more lines to run almost along the same track as that which is already occupied? Of course it is easy to account for the growth of new projects, but still no one is mad enough to bring out an entirely new line to run side by side with the North-Western to Birmingham or the Great-Western to Bristol, and there is at first sight not a jot

more reason for a second and third system of Metropolitan circuit lines. The new schemes have naturally alarmed the proprietors of the old lines, but in truth they have only themselves to thank for the danger which, for the moment, has been averted. The existing outer circle is almost entirely useless as a means of continuous communication. A passenger embarking at Fenchurch Street enjoys the pleasure of passing over the territory of some six or eight companies before he completes the circular journey we have described. Some of these companies are on good, others on bad, and others again on indifferent terms. Most of them levy a sort of black mail in the shape of prohibitory charges for forwarding goods, and exhibit their sovereignty by so timing their trains as to enable the passengers to break their journey by spending a few half-hours, or even hours, at such cheerful places as Clapham Junction and other suburban stations. It is not on record that any one ever made the entire circuit of London from Fenchurch Street to London Bridge, and probably no amount of study of Bradshaw would enable an enterprising adventurer to guess within an hour or two how long such a journey would take. By far the most important part of the circuit is under the control of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and it is mainly on the strength of promises which that Company has made that the Committee appear to have decided in favour of the sufficiency of the present lines if properly worked. Whether they ever will be so conducted as to be a real convenience to the public is somewhat doubtful. The pleasure of incommuting a neighbouring Company generally seems to outweigh, in the minds of Directors, the inducements to develop traffic, and it is not long since the Chairman of the London and North-Western confessed it was a bitter pill to be compelled to swallow a policy of conciliation and peace. Still a reform is promised under the pressure of the alarming crop of schemes for supplanting the existing companies. Whether the repentance will outlive the immediate danger remains to be proved, and the suggestion of the joint Committee that legislative provision should be made to secure a proper interchange of traffic will only be useful if the companies are disposed to further the project. No compulsory regulation of traffic over such a network of short lines, owned by rival companies, can be of the slightest use if any one of the Boards concerned is desirous of thwarting its neighbours; and probably the existing lines will continue to be as useless as many of them now are, until the several Companies interested in them can agree to place the whole circuit under the management of a joint Board. If they are wise they will provide in this way for the accommodation of the public, lest in some future Session a worse thing should happen to them, and an entirely new line should be sanctioned to do the work which the great Companies do not choose to perform.

TREBUCCO'S HORN.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON tells us in his *History of Europe* that, soon after the Queen came to the throne, a lady, meaning Mrs. Fitzherbert, descended into the tomb, who, if British legislation had been more favourable to her, might have sat on it. Acts of Parliament are very wonderful things, and it is theoretically a part of the British Constitution that there is nothing which an Act of Parliament cannot effect; but no tribute to the power of British legislation ever exceeded this statement of the eminent Tory historian. That a deceased lady might have been helped, by an enabling statute, to sit on a tomb instead of descending into it, shows what even unromantic Scotchmen can believe. Still, although this is an exaggeration, there is no doubt that human effort and persistence are always accomplishing more than we could expect. The limits of the probable force of men are always being exceeded, and few instances of the strange results of pertinacity could be found of a more striking and more pleasing kind than the success which has attended Trebucco's request for his beloved horn. That singular conspirator heard unmoved the sentence which doomed him to transportation for life. He did not much care to be cut off from his fellow-creatures, and if Greco was his last specimen of a fellow-creature it is not to be much wondered at that he was indifferent to society. Nor did he much mind the loss of liberty. For him liberty meant nothing more than the power to move from one scene of squalor and wretchedness to another under the supervision of the eternal police. But there was one thing from which he could not part. He could not endure life unless he had his beloved horn. It was part of himself, and he solemnly asked the judge who sentenced him that this other half of his soul should be restored to him. We are delighted to hear that the French Government has seen fit to accede to the request, and has even gone further, and granted Trebucco permission to play an obligato accompaniment during the time when divine service is being performed to the convicts. There are things in our prison discipline which would probably astonish the French.

But we have our surprises too, and some degree of wonder is naturally excited at this admixture of justice and mercy. Trebucco is supposed to be a man who has tried to take the life of the Emperor, and a graver offence could scarcely be imagined; but the police evidently regard political assassins, not as they would low criminals, but as enemies whom it is honourable to beat and outwit, but who are in some measure to be respected. Now that Trebucco has fallen, his victors can afford to be kind to him, and so they allow him the strange solace of fingering his idolised horn once more, and of showing his skill before the only public which can listen to him. Even the life of a French prisoner may be bearable if he is allowed to indulge in a hobby that overpowers and engrosses his mind. We only hope that Greco dislikes instrumental music, and is so placed that he can hear the performance of the associate whom he entrapped and betrayed. We are not sure that the gratitude of the police may not extend to setting him secretly free when the affair is no longer remembered. He would be welcome in America, like every other man who can carry a musket, and whom the bullet of an enemy can turn into what Manhattan calls a "fertilizer." But, while he stays, Trebucco would have a sweet and innocent revenge if his horn supplied him with the means of torturing Greco.

Trebucco is a hero in his way, and is not so very unlike the Emperor himself. There was a time when the adventures of Louis Napoleon seemed as wild and purposeless as those of the poor Italians who were duped or instigated by Greco. The Eagle of Boulogne is quite as absurd as that melancholy promenader up and down the Champs Elysées in a carriage which was described so graphically in the indictment against the conspirators. Time was when Louis Napoleon, like Trebucco, seemed to be a silent man without much hope in the world, almost a fool, turning from one vague scheme to another, but always with a hobby. What his horn was to Trebucco, the great Napoleon idea was to the Emperor. He might be foolish, laughed at, little liked or known except by a few adventurers as desperate as himself, with no money and very bad prospects, but he had always one thing left—he was, by birth or by self-assertion, the heir of Napoleon. This horn remained to him through all his misfortunes. It consoled, animated, and encouraged him. It made him different from his race, with hopes and thoughts other than his fellow-mortals had. There is nothing which baffles and, in a sense, defeats ordinary persons so much as the possession by any one of a fixed idea, which makes them feel that his whole current of thought is one to which they are strange. A spectator of the recent trial who heard Trebucco sentenced would probably have supposed, if he set himself to picture the thoughts passing through the mind of the condemned assassin, that Trebucco must be placing before himself the horrors of the sea, of Cayenne, of a tropical marsh, the dear delights of the days of his innocence, the fierce freedom of the days of his undetected guilt. The spectator would have been entirely wrong. Trebucco was simply thinking of a cornet-piston. Undoubtedly this concentration of thought and interest on a subject to which the vast bulk of mankind would be indifferent gives a sort of mastery and superiority, and greatly diminishes the sensibility of the mind to the shocks of calamity. The Emperor, even after the Boulogne attempt, does not appear to have been greatly discouraged or ashamed, and did not lose in the least the respect and admiration of those who belonged to his little set. In the same way, Trebucco seems to have won upon the esteem and attention of the authorities, and to have forced from them a concession which will not only be a solace to him personally in his years of unbounded leisure, but a considerable source of enlightenment, we may imagine, to that large number of his fellow-convicts who are not absorbed in the spiritual interest of the services they are forced to attend.

But it must not be supposed that persistence in a hobby always answers, and that doggedness of purpose always has its way. One day this week there came what the penny-a-liners call "a person of ladylike appearance," and consulted the excellent beak who sits at Clerkenwell on a matter of private and domestic importance. She hoped she might not be considered intrusive, but she wished to mention that there lived opposite to her a foreigner who wanted to marry her, and who stated that he was a Count in his own country. This nobleman was a lover ardent, persevering, but unsuccessful. He watched her house night and day, he had publicly informed her that she must marry him or the most dreadful consequences would ensue, and he had sent her present after present. Three times he had tendered his offerings of affection, and three times she had sent them back. There was the Count's likeness, and some ear-rings, and a brush, and a gold watch of little value. The lady was as resolute in refusing as the Count was resolute in offering. But at last she adopted a different course, and, instead of sending the presents back, she kept them. This did not suit the Count. His love was rejected but his presents were retained, and this was not at all the result which he had looked to flow from the tender of presents so sentimental as a brush. Probably he had chosen this mark of affection from feeling that there was nothing he himself wanted more. When his expectations were disappointed and he was no nearer marriage, he asked to have his gifts back, but the lady refused. She came to consult the magistrate both as a jurist and a philosopher. She asked whether she was bound to give the brush and earrings and other valuables back, and the magistrate kindly afforded her the gratuitous advice she needed, and recommended her to wait till she was sued in the County Court. She also suggested to him the subtle problem, whether it was worse to be

bored by a man you do not like or to be loved by him; and to this question the magistrate returned no answer. The Count, however, must be convinced that his suit is hopeless, and that all his exertions and his ardour and his brushes and gold watches have failed. There can be no question that a lady does not return your passion when she suggests in open court the curious inquiry in what phase you are most disagreeable. Mr. Carden failed in the same way in Ireland, and has hitherto been baffled in every attempt to secure the lady of his choice, although he cannot be said to be entirely without his reward, as he is thought a hero and a man of spirit by a considerable portion of the ladies of Ireland. Perhaps, in his own circle, the Count too may be thought heroic, and there may be tender eyes in the region of Clerkenwell turned to the window where the pertinacious lover resides, and tender hearts may whisper that the Count would have had a less stony tale to tell of the affections of English women if he had but turned his attentions in a more favourable quarter.

Trebucco, and the Emperor, and this Count, are three very fair specimens of these one-ided, persevering, hobby-riding men. Sometimes the idea they get hold of is one of real importance, and if accident favours them, and they can suit themselves to the shifting tide of fortune, they may, like the Emperor, achieve distinction and make a figure in the world. Sometimes their point is wholly a wrong or worthless point, and they fail as ignominiously and utterly as the Count failed. Or they may be men like Trebucco, and have a harmless fancy, and by their wonderful earnestness impress on others something of the same sense of the importance of their fancy which they have themselves. We may be sure the French authorities would not have allowed Trebucco to have his horn if he had only displayed a moderate degree of anxiety to have it restored to him. It was because he so thoroughly believed in the value of his horn that the masters of his fate shrank from depriving him of what seemed a trifle to them, but what he evidently esteemed so highly. In no case, perhaps, does a persistent man altogether fail. Even the Count got a sort of hearing, and although his likeness and his brush did not melt the heart of the woman he loved, he at least got so far as to make her keep those precious presents by her. In a very different sphere, Mr. Urquhart was not very unlike the Count. He too had a hobby in which he devoutly believed. He tried to take the world by storm. Over and over again he presented the incredulous public he wished to convince with pamphlets, tracts, books, and all manner of publications, to prove that Lord Palmerston had sold himself to Russia. The public, like the adored being of the Count's fancy, was not to be persuaded. It was not to be deluded into doubting the honesty of an English nobleman. But it would be too much to say that Mr. Urquhart altogether failed. He did not succeed in inspiring any distrust of Lord Palmerston, but he helped to inspire a general distrust of Russia. He forced the English world to consider how it was that Lord Palmerston had given in to Russia in the days when the blockade of Circassia excited the indignation of British Liberals. Nor can anything deprive the man with a hobby of the satisfaction which the mere possession of the hobby brings with it. Unless the Clerkenwell lady had money, and the Count's affection was all in the way of business, there is no reason to suppose it was not as intense as he described it. An absorbing love brings with it many fierce pleasures. Probably the Count often banged his head against the wall, and left dirty little notes about informing his landlady that he had gone out to commit suicide. Mr. Urquhart must have often looked round the House of Commons with intense delight, and reflected that he was the only man in the building who really understood the secret policy of Russia. It is quite true, as the lady remarked, that these pertinacious people are dreadful bores, and a sensitive man might have equally writhed under a solo from Trebucco, an exposition of ideas from Louis Napoleon, and a revelation of Russian intrigue from Mr. Urquhart. But society at large gains by having in its ranks a certain number of these one-ided men; and although, if in too great a quantity, they would be a terrible nuisance, yet, if they are only to be met with occasionally, they at least relieve the monotony of the commonplace world.

REMORSE.

THERE is no feeling of the reality of which we are more sure than of remorse. We may only half believe in, or merely guess at, love, jealousy, hatred, revenge; but we know in ourselves that there is such a thing as remorse. We are certain, as of something open to the senses, that pain follows guilt. Our wonder on hearing of any great crime is that the perpetrator was not deterred by dread of remorse. Life, we think, would be a burden too horrible to be endured, exposed to the stings that must follow. There are people who regard remorse as so inevitable and so terrible a consequence of crime that they would leave the criminal to be dealt with by his own conscience, as the most exquisite of all punishments. And this inborn conviction is strengthened and confirmed by masters in the science of human nature. They, too, have no doubt that remorse follows crime, and have delineated its workings in scenes and by examples which take a lasting hold on the mind. Men believe in remorse, such as is portrayed in Lady Macbeth, as they believe in a record of inspiration.

And yet who has seen remorse? Who has witnessed for himself the pain of guilt following the commission of crime? Who knows of it from any private trustworthy source? We suspect that

remorse pure and unalloyed, rational remorse for moral wrongdoing and commensurate with the occasion, is an exceedingly rare emotion, and that mistaken ideas on this point lead to much confusion, much misapprehension of history, much sentimental injustice in our own time. If we could realize the fact that men can commit great crimes and never to human eye or judgment betray sorrow for them, we should not be so ready to call every remorseless sinner, who refuses to see his atrocities with our eyes, a madman. Many would almost go so far as to exact remorse, as the French law exacts confession, as indispensable evidence of guilt. They cannot satisfy themselves of its reality unless the criminal not only commits the crime, but suffers certain pangs of soul consequent upon it. They quite forget to take into account the very slight personal observation on which these expectations are founded. In truth, while our own conscience tells us that remorse belongs to erring humanity, all experience convinces us that it does not as a matter of course belong to the individual man. It would seem, indeed, that, from the time people have speculated on man and his ways at all, this difference of view has perplexed them and set them at odds. It forms one main ground of the great argument between Job and his friends. They generalized, and—appealing to the universal belief of all ages—disputed the prosperity of the wicked man, because this worm gnawed at the root of his seeming happiness. "Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, yet . . . it is the gall of asps within him." "A dreadful sound is in his ears;" "trouble and anguish shall make him afraid." The Patriarch, and the Psalmist after him, argue from personal experience; they have seen the prosperous wicked man unvisited by compunctions, and dying as he has lived. And this is the more common witness of all time, though marked by great and startling exceptions sufficient to awe the world, and to convince men, through their senses, of that retribution which every conscience in the abstract believes in.

As far as we see, men sustain the heroic standard of this essentially human passion through their imagination, as it were vicariously realizing the burden and horror of other men's sins. But, in fact, people who commit crimes are never in the position of the respectable people who do not commit them. Crime is led up to by a train of thought and action which makes each step natural to the perpetrator, and almost justifiable—something that must be done, or he would not do it. The arguments of selfishness are very convincing arguments, and have a great air of necessity about them, not only at the time, but in looking back. It is only where crime is committed on a sudden temptation or passion that we can reasonably look for remorse—where there is but a temporary congeniality between the man and the deed; and even here it needs a more than ordinary sensitiveness to be pricked to the quick by memory, when the world smiles in ignorance and every external circumstance lulls to forgetfulness. Many impulsive persons feel very poignantly the inconvenient consequences of their errors, who yet have not strength or nobleness in them to maintain this vulture as a terrible secret between themselves and their conscience. "Nemesis," it has been well said, "can seldom forge a sword for herself out of our consciences, out of the suffering we feel for the suffering we have caused; there is rarely metal enough there to make an effective weapon." With even the better sort, remorse comes only with dark, threatening days, earthly terrors mingling with divine. For our part, we doubt if the thorough apprehension of remorse entertained by respectable people is always derived from their worst actions—from the twinges consequent on such lapses into injustice, falsehood, tergiversation, sharp practice, or evil speaking, as even they deviate into when left to themselves. We suspect it to be rather due to faults of a less moral enormity which risk the loss of their neighbours' respect, and which partake as much of the nature of blunders as of crimes. Is it not rare enough to be a grand trait in any man's character that he stands more in awe of conscience than of human opinion? The majority have a strange power of thinking of themselves as other men think of them; and just as the criminal in the sight of men has a hang-dog look, as the proud bearing of conscious innocence can hardly be sustained by ordinary men under the eyes of a suspecting and condemning multitude, and for the life of them they cannot help looking the rogue men think them, so a man in favour with his fellows and trusted by them—whatever he may have done beyond their cognizance—is apt to respond in air and deportment to the good opinion entertained of him. The man universally respected looks the character to ordinary observers; we say nothing of the wiser few, who, when awkward facts come to light, will tell you they have always seen something in him they did not like.

In minds of the ordinary type, remorse is inextricably mixed up with fear of men—fear of consequences, fear of discovery. It is when the usurper betrays a terror of his subjects and surrounds himself with defences that he is reminded—

But no guard can oppose assailing fears
Or undermining tears,
No more than doors or close-drawn curtains keep
The swarming dreams out when we sleep.

If it were not so, if the sense of guilt brought adequate pain to all minds, would not those who have the charge of criminals see remorse at its worst? But the experience of this class confirms our view. An able writer on female prisons, who has lived for years amidst the worst of women, affirms that she has never herself seen an instance of remorse. All the culprits she has had to do with took their crimes easily, regarding their sen-

tences as full absolution, and indeed scarcely thinking so much of the matter as this implies. Murder made no exception to this comfortable view of things. "The deed is done" was a potent argument for thinking no more about it. Thus, "Elizabeth Harris, who had deliberately drowned her two children, was ever a cheerful woman, with a brisk step and a bright smile;" and Sarah Baker, who had thrown her baby down a pit-shaft, did not allow the crime to press on her conscience. Indeed, the writer adds, "it is a remarkable fact that these serious acts seldom do;" "with all the prisoners, the crime is of little account, and the sentence for it the only thing to be deplored." This evidence is given of women, but there is no reason to think that in this respect sex makes a difference. Even vicarious remorse does not assert itself in those penal regions; people are judged by what they are, not by what they have done.

In close connexion with this subject is the assumed effect upon all minds of imminent contact with death. It belongs to the same class of assumptions that the near certainty of death makes men true, as that crime inevitably brings remorse. We believe men on their deathbeds as though they were constrained to speak the truth, as necessarily seeing things by a new light and at their real value. A schemer is then supposed to see the worthlessness of his schemes, a worldly man to see the fallacy of his desires, the criminal to realize what his sin has been. It is assumed that, if they have been false hitherto, a new stage is opening upon them; they can deceive no longer either others or themselves. But, in fact, it is a very great effort both to heart and reason to take up new ideas at this period. Earth may be slipping away from the dying man, but yet it may be the solidest footing he has. He is seeing the last of his fellow-men, but it may be the most earnest wish he is capable of to stand well with them. In fact, habit holds its sway here as elsewhere. History tells of not a few great criminals who, with courage and a certain loyalty to their past, die in the treacheries and falsehoods in which they have lived. Just as remorse, though there is no necessary touch of salvation in it, argues faith in the unseen and a perception of justice, so clearer views in the prospect of death imply certain spiritual qualities in the mind which are by no means universal. In both cases, over-mastering selfishness is that "thickness of the blood" which

Stops up the access and passage to remorse.

Experience shows us that men may die as they have lived, obstinate in the same errors, bent on the same ends, possessed by the same objects and desires. Especially where they have been in their lives secret, seeking no counsel, and with strength of will always to have kept true to this fatal trust, does habit sustain its rule to the last, not only in their conduct towards others, but in their inmost self. The interests in which they have lived and laboured have a tighter grip down to the last moment than anything beyond; they may feel life at its shortest, and yet value the few remaining sands more than an eternity that lies beyond.

But let us turn to a less serious view of our subject, and see how it is we are all so familiar with it in the abstract. All people are in the habit of invoking Remorse as an avenging deity, and turning it into a mild (and shall we say Christian?) vengeance. When we think that others ill-use us, are unjust towards us, or neglect us, it is a pretty universal instinct to anticipate the time when they will be sorry for it. It is consolatory to reflect that so injurious a state of things cannot pass unpunished, and it is wonderful what a weight, what a concentration of bitterness, what a heart-wringing is ascribed to this contemplated regret. So that, if we can but assure ourselves that remorse will inflict its sting some day, this conviction soothes away the ache of present resentment, modifies our feeling towards the aggravating cause, and puts us in a sort of charity with our enemy. Yet these secret gloomy maledictions really base themselves on a wonderfully small foundation of fact and observation. From whose experience do we expect compunctious visitings to follow neglect or contempt of our merits? How seldom do we see people troubling themselves about their treatment of their friends and neighbours; how seldom have we done so ourselves; and then what a mere momentary twinge, what a trifling puncture—where there is such admission or *amende* at all—is thought sufficient for the offence! We have said, "He will repent it some day," and perhaps he does in some moment of dejection or *ennui*; but how trivial the infliction, what a mere scourge of feathers performs the awful business of retribution!

This may be so, but the imagination will never take experience into account. There is, in the action of a sting or pang of self-reproach, something that ignores time. It may be momentary, but even then it satisfies our querulous demand; and one feels a certain complacency in the notion of a stab of remorse that shall, though but for a point of time, make a man feel degraded and confounded, that shall confront him with his sin and make him hate himself, recoil from the past, and know what it is to be without hope, defenceless, and unmasked. Something of this sort, an instant's lifting of the veil, atones to human fancy, or rather poises the scale against untold atrocities. For instance, in some Italian novels of a past date, written by men who had brooded over public and private injustice till they believed in the universal triumph of wrong, the reader's hatred of the more fiendish characters has to slake itself on a few seconds of this vengeance. The wretch is held, perhaps for a minute at farthest, face to face with his crimes, knows what they will bring him to, and looks livid and uncomfortable in the prospect; and it is surprising how our sense of justice is satisfied, and how, after this insight, we can bear to leave the villain at the last page

in bloated prosperity. It all tells a tale, and preaches a moral which we can only hint at here.

We have asked our readers, in perhaps a sceptical spirit, whether they have ever witnessed a case of real tragic remorse; but there is a kind which it does now and then fall in one's way to see—a remorse at once comic and aggravating, if we know our man and his history sufficiently well to be aware of real errors and follies in abundance that merit regrets of a poignant quality. We mean extravagant, hysterical contrition for trifling peccadilloes, or perhaps for no error at all, but simply for a line of conduct which is only wished otherwise because the penitent would fain have the event otherwise. While genuine remorse confesses, in a rude, often an irreligious way, the existence of a Judge of the world, this spurious thing, this mere parody, approaches, as far as we can see, to that "practical atheism" of which we hear so much from angry men, as being based on a disbelief in any Divinity that shapes our ends. Readers of good children's books will recall the great part remorse is made to play in them. Young authoresses make their little people endure agonies for slight offences, and whether these sensitive examples produce much practical effect or not, they give a form and force to nature's teaching. Christopher North, on the contrary, who did not write for children, and never got beyond Edie Ochiltree's mixture of glee and compunction in the utmost candour of his personal recollections, claims for boys an immunity from this scourge. "Nature," he says, "allows to growing lads a certain range of wickedness, *sans peur et sans reproche*." We suspect it is quite possible for men to act on the one system, and to have their belief and sympathies engaged through life for the other.

MISCEGENATION.

WORDS being the signs of ideas, for a new notion a new term is necessary. The barbarous word "miscegenation" has been invented by the fanatics of Abolitionism to express a doctrine which it was for a time found convenient to wrap up in the term "amalgamation," but which, after a brief tribute to modesty, it is now found not an insult to American morality to disclose in all its indecency and immodesty. That doctrine is, that the white race in general, and the white of the Northern States in particular, is dying out, and that, to preserve it from utter destruction, it must be mixed with the richer, purer, and nobler blood of the negro. Physiologically, this very practical use of the slave is based on the fact that mixture of blood is necessary for the perfection of race—which is indisputable; but here a slight difficulty occurs. How does it happen that if, as the writer owns, hitherto the white has almost universally mixed with the white, and only degenerates more and more, the very opposite result occurs with the black, who just as universally has hitherto only mixed with the black, and only improves by it? The white breeds in and in, and nothing but a degenerate and puny posterity is the result; the black breeds in and in, and he only becomes "richer," "warmer," "nobler," and more "emotional," "vigorous," and "fresher." We may, however, best state the facts of the case in the very graphic language of the author—or authoress, as it is surmised:—

The white people of America are dying for want of flesh and blood. They are dry and shrivelled for lack of the healthful juices of life. In the white American are seen unmistakably the indications of physical decay. The cheeks are shrunken, the lips are thin and bloodless, the under jaw is narrow and retreating, the teeth decayed, the nose sharp and cold, the eyes small and watery, the complexion of a blue and yellow hue, the head and shoulders bent forward, the hair dry and straggling upon the men, the waists of the women thin and pinched, telling of sterility and consumption, the general appearance gaunt and cadaverous from head to foot. You will see bald heads upon young men. You will see eye-glasses and spectacles, false teeth, artificial colour on the face, artificial plumpness to the form. The intercourse will be formal, ascetic, unemotional. . . . Turn now to an assemblage of negroes. Every cheek is plump, the teeth are whiter than ivory, there are no bald heads, the eyes are large and bright. . . . Our professional men show more than any the lack of healthful association with their opposites of the other sex. They need contact with healthy, loving, warm-blooded natures to fill up the lean interstices of their anatomy.

Nor is this a matter of theory only. The Southerners have shown a wonderful success in the civil war; and it is all owing to their connexion, licit and illicit, with the negro. "The emotional power, fervid oratory, and intensity which distinguishes all slaveholders is due to their intimate association with the most charming and intelligent of their slave-girls." It seems that "the mere presence of the African in large numbers infused into the air a sort of barbaric malaria"—which, indeed, has been often noticed, and is commonly called by a coarser name, but which we are now told is "a miasm of fierceness which has come to infect the white men and even the women too, and which accounts for the wild chivalrous spirit of the South, and its success in the field." Nor are these the only benefits which the rebels derive from their privileged propinquity to the ideal man, the vigorous able-bodied negro. The sweet magnetism of association attracts the daughters of the South to the sable Apollos of the tropics:—

The mothers and daughters of the aristocratic slave-holders are thrilled with a strange delight by daily contact with their dusky male servants. These relations, though intimate and full of a rare charm to the passionate and impassible daughters of the South, seldom, if ever, pass beyond the bounds of propriety. A platonic love, a union of sympathies, emotions, &c. &c. The white Southern girl, who matures early, is at her home surrounded by the brightest and most intelligent of the young coloured men on the estate. Passionate, full of sensibility, without the cold prudence of her Northern

sister, who can wonder at the wild dreams of love which fix the hearts and fill the imagination of the impassible Southern maiden? . . . It is safe to say that the first heart experience of nearly every Southern maiden, the flowering sweetness and grace of her young life, is associated with a sad dream of some bondman lover. He may have been the waiter or coachman, or the bright yellow lad who assisted the overseer; but to her he is a hero, blazing with all the splendours of imperial manhood. She treasures the looks from those dark eyes which made her pulses bound.

We are inclined to suspect that the North American man and woman may be something of the sort described by this indecent writer; and we can well understand how it is that Mr. Hawthorne, after his experience of his sapless, dry, and bony brethren, and his angelic but angular countrywomen, is positively enraged at the sight of the wholesome flesh and blood of an Englishman and Englishwoman. We may be rather proud of being described as "bulbous," and think it no affront that the "female Bull" may be described in Terence's phrase as *corpus validum et succi plenum*. Our juiciness and physical fullness and strength, and redundancy of muscle and blood, are certainly in strong contrast to what the writer of the pamphlet on Miscegenation describes as the dryness and meagreness, the pallor and scanniness and leanness, of the American animal; and if the citizen and citizenship of the Northern States is this or anything like it, we can quite account for Northern failures in the field or anywhere else. The only absurdity is, that this wretched, sapless, shrivelled caricature of man, this specimen of humanity in its most contemptible form, should have the place which it has in the world's estimate of nations. If this is the ideal American, we quite agree with the author of *Miscegenation* that the race cannot live to the third generation. If this is what "the Anglo-Saxon"—though plentifully mixed, by the by, with Germans and Irish immigrants and with most of the scum of Europe—has come to, it is a comfort to think that we are near the end of it.

The sum and substance of the whole matter is, that this nasty doctrine of the physical necessity of absorbing the white race into the negro population, or rather of creating for the necessities of the American States a mixed and Creole race, is proclaimed not only by the author of this tract but by the Rev. Beecher Stowe's partner in the editorship of the *Independent*, Mr. Theodore Tilton, by Mr. Horace Greeley, by Mr. Wendell Phillips, and by "the inspired maid of Philadelphia," the lecturing woman, Miss Anna Dickenson. It is perhaps inconvenient to remember that some such experiment has been tried in Haiti—with what success we all know. It is now to be repeated further North. How far these people carry out their views into actual life they do not inform us. If the gentlemen practise what they preach, the demand for coloured Abishags "to engraft upon our stock the rich treasure of negro blood," and to fill up the lean interstices of the anatomy of editors, must be something more than nominal; and as Miss Dickenson has lectured before the President and in many of the cities of the Union, and has not been tarred and feathered by the ladies of America, we are forced to the unpleasant conclusion that they are quite ready to play Tamora to any and every lusty negro who fulfils the "passional" and "emotional instinct" which is among the best cravings of the soul. "It is a mean pride," we are told, "unworthy of a Christian, which would lead any one to deny that there are wants in the white nature which only the negro could fill, defects in physical organization that only the negro could supply, cravings towards fraternity that only the negro could comfort and satisfy." Potiphar's wife anticipated this argument, and in her plain-spoken language to the goodly Hebrew slave only put the doctrine of Miscegenation into practice; and if the ladies of New England want another precedent for their "abandonment of an unwholesome prejudice," the history of the Byzantine Court and the life of the Empress Theodosia may satisfy them that a negro-lover, though a solecism, is by no means an absolute novelty in female taste. A strong-bodied and strong-flavoured partner is perhaps the complement to that strong mind of which the Yankee female has furnished so many and such very unfeminine instances.

The wonderful and horrible thing is that this filthy nonsense is not only not hooted down, but that it represents the more advanced, and indeed the more logical, adherents of that political party which, if the smallest, is undoubtedly the most vigorous in America. All Abolitionists are perhaps not, or perhaps not as yet, avowed adherents of the doctrine of Miscegenation, but all Abolitionists with the very least regard to consistency must render the *jus connubii* to those who are in every respect their equals. The Miscegenation writers of course go further, and exalt the relative superiority of the nigger, and expatiate on his necessity in the great economy of things for renovating with his fiery energies the cold and languid circulation of the North. Yet even this might do comparatively little harm, for the women who will listen to and applaud Miss Anna Dickenson lecturing on these nauseous subjects are far beyond any other corrupting influences. The shamelessness which sees "all the splendours of imperial manhood" in a woolly-headed coachman may be left to that natural indignation which is due to the sight of Messalina vindicating her life on philosophical principles. But the evil does not end here. We may well despair of the future of America if, in its gloomiest hour of civil strife, not one single streak of light breaks the thick darkness. Is there no patriot, no man of letters, no man of common honesty and integrity, who can venture even to lift a voice against the advancing tide of fanaticism and folly, of immorality and indecency? Of all those politicians whom American institutions have trained, and whose vision has been enlarged by the brightness and fulness of freedom, is there not one to stand in the place which is occupied, and certainly not without popular assent, by Mr.

Wendell Phillips and Miss Dickenson? One begins to ask whether it can all be true—whether it is possible that, in the very land which will not endure that the negro should sit in the same railway carriage or kneel in the same church with the white, the doctrine of Miscegenation should be preached, not only without rebuke, but with applause. Even the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who has discovered a wonderful process of silent and unconscious education which the nigger has been undergoing for several years in order to fit him for his place in the regeneration, would stand aghast at such an expression as this of the anti-slavery doctrines. To be a man and a brother, a man need not be quite the model man, and the great pattern and ideal of humanity, reserved in the fulness of time to pour the blood of life and the blessing of Ham into worn-out Christendom. It would surprise the Clarksons and Wilberforces to hear that "in the course of time the dark races must absorb the white." Even Mr. Lincoln, though the subject is a congenial one for his peculiar kind of wit, will be startled to be assured that the present war is "a war for the negro; not simply for his personal rights or his physical freedom, but a war looking, at its final point, to the blending of the black and white; . . . a war to go on until the great truth shall be announced in the Messages of our Presidents, that it is desirable that the white man should marry the black woman, and the white woman the black man;" and that "we must become a yellow-skinned, black-haired people"—that is, that the population of the United States must consist of Creoles or be prepared for almost immediate extinction by an invincible law of nature. We certainly do not believe in all the growing intelligence which has of late years been developed, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, in the American negroes, nor do we think that they possess means of communication so complete as have been lately described. Let us ask, however, what might be, or, we would rather say, what must be, the result on the African mind of this one fact?—that it is publicly taught by the most fanatical friends of the black race that the end and object of the war is to "divide the lands of the South among the negroes?" Nor is this all. The war is to be prosecuted in order to give the white woman of the South into the negro's bosom, and then we are assured that all this is in the interest, not only of social progress, but of religion, since in the millennial future is still to be produced the highest type of mankind, the most perfect ideal of womanhood, which will not be white or black, but Creole or coloured; and the first and chiefest step in bringing all the human family to this its great ultimate destiny is to invigorate and "sweeten" the cold, lean, shrivelled, and decaying Yankee life with the warm tropical blood and the fragrant "miasm of fierceness" and healthy animal life which belongs to the negro.

THE NOVEL AND THE DRAMA.

WE are apt to think, and not without justice, that novels are the special production of the present age. Novels imply a large cultivated class and ready means of diffusion. They are written to be read in private, and are not of an order of art sufficiently high to have been produced by men of genius in times when paper was still undiscovered, and manuscript remained the only form of literary circulation. Indeed, they imply the existence of many clever people with fluent pens, of innumerable and voracious readers, and finally of the printing press. All these conditions have now, for the first time in the world's history, been fully realized, and the novel naturally appears. It is eminently suited to the present age, for it requires no co-operation of actors and musicians, no vast amphitheatre for its enjoyment, no mighty tragic or comic genius for its creation. One may carry novels about in one's pocket, read them in the railway, and talk over them to one's friends. We rarely peruse them in common with a second person, but wander alone among the scenes of romantic fiction or of ordinary life to which their pages introduce us. They appeal exclusively to the individual, containing within themselves all that is necessary for their own illustration and development. The novelist must have a dash of knowledge upon every subject that his story touches; he must supply the absence of actors and scenery by his eloquent language; he must analyse with the philosopher, and startle his readers with the tragic poet. Nothing comes amiss to him. Just as we mix up amusement and instruction, love and science, theology and dissipation, in our lives and thoughts, so the chapters of the novelist contain a bewildering variety of the most incongruous interests, which he endeavours ingeniously to string together by a thread of loosely connected incident. The result is not very high in point of art. But the present age does not excel in art, and the literature which we most appreciate must not obey its severe and lofty principles.

Yet though novels, as a matter of fact, belong exclusively to the latest period of the modern world, and though they are so clearly adapted only to the conditions of the present age, this is no reason why other times should not have developed a similar mode of intellectual activity, equally suitable to their circumstances, and supplying the same popular demands. Indeed, allowing for the differences of time and situation, we may observe that such has been the case. Let us compare our novels with the dramas of the age of Elizabeth. We find, at first sight, many points of variance between the two periods. Then, there were fewer writers and fewer readers; printing was a new invention, and it was used almost as cautiously for common needs as people now employ the telegraph. Religious instruction was conveyed orally by means of miracle-plays and moralities,

which had the advantage of appealing simultaneously to a large audience, and of impressing, by means of sight and sound, those minds into which no entrance could be effected through written words. And the same method was adopted to rouse that imaginative excitement which we now enjoy in novel-reading. On the stage, the novel was rehearsed to a large concourse, instead of being committed to paper. And this suited the social instincts of the day. For then the individual was far less isolated, less trained to find sources of enjoyment within himself, less given up to self-analysis. Life was something ardent and external. The world moved then as fast as it is moving now in comparison with the preceding age. We speak of the railroad pace of our progression, and we speak truly, for our times advance on iron wheels impelled by science. Then they flew upon the wings of fancy. Thought ran before the age, and, stimulated by the discovery of the New World and by the resurrection of the buried classics, it believed that nothing was impossible. Life seemed more various and energetic then than it is now; hair-breadth escapes, great deeds of personal prowess, martyrdom for the sake of opinion, dangers from foreign foes and internal seditions, with all the change and brilliancy that belong to the beginning of a new era, inflamed the minds of men, and exalted them into a higher atmosphere. Art followed life, and assumed an ideal grandeur. The drama with its tragic buskin suited that age as the more prosaic novel befits ours. The form of the play did not reduce authors to mere matter-of-fact. It allowed them to wander in improbabilities, and to create beauty of the most unreal and fanciful description. Passion was the theme on which it loved to dwell; and the men who wrote, and the men who played, and the men who heard, all lived their lives of fierce excitement. The deeds of Raleigh, Froisher, and Drake, the deaths of Greene and Marlowe, the daily lives of those vehement and boisterous spirits from whom "gross gold ran headlong," were themselves fit subjects for the highest sounding verse. Chivalry still dwelt in the imagination, and Sidney was alive to show its purest flame. The dark superstitions of a past age threw a tragic gloom across the fancy of the present. And as we only seize and understand what we are soon about to lose, the whole intensity and passion of the previous centuries passed from the realm of common things into the gorgeous atmosphere of poetry. How different are we with our carefully-weighed lives, our securities and comforts, our abundance of good living, and our dead level of general education! Human nature remains the same, and no doubt there lurks within many a quiet breast the fury of volcanoes; but it is seldom that a single life can furnish forth an obvious tragedy. We have ceased to paint on canvases gods and heroes and the passions of mankind. We go alone into the fields, and study river, tree, and sky, seeking to keep close to nature, and by obeying her to achieve art. In the same way, our novels are patient idyls of common life, photographs a little coloured, nature clipped and varnished, or perhaps a man's self critically analysed. Our poetry comes out in that mild diffusive sentiment which we have compared to colouring and varnish. It is a way of looking at common things; it is a richness of description, a flow and melody of prose, an eloquent outpouring of the feelings, a transference of human emotion to the still unvarying scenes of nature. But it is not dramatic. The drama requires more compression, abstinence, and singleness of aim than suits our present taste. It is more active and less reflective, more ambitious in its aim and less adapted to the ordinary sympathies of unimaginative people, than that strange mixture of soft Dutch painting and feverish personal excitement which we call a novel. Novels demand and stimulate the individual's sympathy. We live for a time among their characters, we assume them one by one in turn, nor do we interest ourselves deeply in their history unless they do and think and feel such things as we ourselves are capable of. But the drama aims at higher art. It seeks to draw the individual away from self, and to present upon the stage a symbol of deep and universal passion. A play is life sublimed and made impersonal. We may sympathize with its actors as we sympathize with our fellow-creatures; but they breathe and move before us, nor have we time to pore over them or to compare them with ourselves. At the same time, the form of the drama is so lofty, its language is so far removed from common life, the outlines of its plot are so colossal and so beautiful, that it would be as easy to fall in love with the Venus of Milo as to become sentimental at a representation of Antony and Cleopatra. In a word, the drama belongs more to objective, the novel more to subjective art. And the ages in which they have been severally prevalent in England are thus distinguishable.

Remembering these general differences, we may notice some points in which a strong resemblance may be observed between the literary activity of our own day and that of the Elizabethan age. In the first place, the dramatist was fully as prolific as the modern novelist. Even Shakspeare produced two plays a year, and Mr. Anthony Trollope could not be more fertile than Heywood. Not a tithe of these old plays have survived the carelessness of their authors, the accidents of theatres, the fury of the Puritans, and long neglect. Of the thirty-seven tragedies and comedies which we know to have been produced by Massinger, eighteen exist. Seven of the remainder, while still in manuscript, were used by the cook of Mr. Warburton to light his fire. These plays were written, like our novels, to supply the popular demand. Their authors lived by their sale, and looked upon them, not as works of art—as creations of their muse and titles to immortal fame—but as so much marketable matter. In the same spirit, men write works of fiction now-a-days, and are not disappointed if,

after the first excitement, their stories sink into comparative oblivion. Certain plays then held the stage, as certain novels now-a-days survive the gradual neglect which overtakes the others. But there was no jealousy among the playwrights on this account. Less popular authors, or young beginners, furnished up the works of more fortunate rivals, or wrote in concert on subjects calculated to display their several excellences. This dramatic body more accurately resembled our present novelists than any other class of men that one could discover in the history of literature. And they might have amassed large fortunes had they been thrifty souls, instead of the wild boon companions that most of them were. Shakspeare, in this as in other respects, was an exception. He made a considerable income by his pen, and he is ranked by Mr. De Quincy as the first English man of letters who secured a professional independence. We might illustrate the spirit in which they looked upon their dramas by a reference to some of their prefaces to published plays. Marston complains that he has been obliged to print the *Malcontent*, owing, apparently, to some attempt at pirating his play. "One thing afflicts me," he remarks, "to think that scenes intended merely to be spoken should be inforcibly published to be read." This proves with what slight expectation of immortality they wrote; and it should command our toleration of what is tedious, exaggerated, and unintelligible in works that were only designed for the ear and eye, much of the detail being left to the discretion of the actor, much extravagance admitted to please the popular taste, and the whole perhaps hastily committed to paper by the brachygraphists (as they were called), who stole the author's words from the lips of his interpreters. It is a marvel that we find such lofty scenes of passionate poetry in works so badly treated. The authors themselves thought more of a few sonnets in the Italian fashion, with which they pleased the learned and the Court, than of the plays by which they made their money and entranced the common people. Shakspeare never mentions *Hamlet*, though he almost arrogantly aspires to fame in the verses addressed to Mr. W. H.

We groan over the "sensational" tendencies of our literature, and, thinking to find in them some lurking traces of decay, we deplore our degenerate taste, which neglects the true repose of art for momentary and spasmodic excitement. But though this craving for a stimulus may be a bad sign, it is not desperate; for if our novels are worthy of being called sensational now, what epithet shall we find strong enough to describe the tragedies of the Elizabethan stage? Yet those tragedies were produced at what is confessedly the most fertile period of our literature, and the most vigorous epoch in our national development. Instead of the *Colleen Bawn*, we should recommend Webster's *Duchess of Malfi* to an enterprising manager, with its pathetic and romantic passages of love, its splendid scenes of Court, its tempests, screech-owls, echoes, and dark lanterns, its chorus of madmen, the accumulation of horrors at its crisis, and the terrible rapidity of its murderous conclusion. If any playwright of the present century endeavoured to crowd a drama full with gorgeous and gloomy scenery, sentimental and heart-breaking situations, awful and startling incidents, satirical, fanciful, and poetical remarks, he could not well go beyond Webster. One might imagine that Webster had foreseen the appliances of the modern theatre when he wrote this various and exciting drama for the little stage of his own day. Nor were our ancestors, it would seem, averse to plots founded upon stories similar to those of which we have so just a horror in French literature. The sentiment of *La Dame aux Camélias* may be found in one of Heywood's plays, and any reader of Miss Braddon's novels might discover still more painful and repulsive plots in Ford. It must be confessed that one of his dramas exceeds the limit of horror to which even a tragic poet should restrain himself. Incest is here presented to us, not only openly, and as the motive passion in a great work of art, but Ford has also endeavoured to enlist our sympathies with such a crime by employing poetry of the highest order to describe the feelings and misfortunes of his guilty heroine. It is difficult to refrain from wishing that such a play had been consigned to oblivion; and the same may be said of Beaumont and Fletcher's unnatural and ingeniously licentious comedies. We only allude to them in order to show that England, in what many deem her palmiest days, committed the faults which we now censure in our neighbours, and exhibited signs of greater weakness than any that are afforded by our current literature. A similar passion for excitement may be observed in tragedies founded upon recent events of a sanguinary character. Of this order is the *Witch of Edmonton*, by Ford, Decker, and Rowley. It pleased the popular prejudices by a most melancholy and repulsive picture of a witch and her familiar spirit, at the same time that it contained a shrewd appreciation of the real cause which drove old dotting women, loaded with insults and unkindness, to fancy that they were in league with Satan. We have lost the play by Ford and Webster entitled *A late Murder of the Son upon the Mother*, which must have been one of the most awful and powerful of these contemporary tragedies.

But it must not be supposed that playgoers of the sixteenth century supped on horrors without any relief. The Ainsworths and the Braddons of those days were, it is true, the favourite masters of the stage; yet there was also good store of homely comedy, coarse in humour and broad in the delineation of character as became the times, but still a foretaste of the Dickens who now makes us laugh. The light and flowing vein of Massinger, Heywood's colourless and easy sketches of domestic life, Middleton's facility, must have been to our ancestors what Mr. Trollope and Miss

Austen are to us. Nor were they without a Thackeray in Marston, who used to bite, however, more than bark, and whose sarcasms had rather too much of the Roman sting. All these men, it must be remembered, drew society and life with coarser pencils than our novelists. They had bolder lines to follow and less squeamish tastes to please. They called things by their proper names, and revelled in hard epithets. Yet it would be difficult to find touches of more delicate pathos, more subtle analyses of character, and more exquisitely balanced dialogues in modern novels than in some pages of the authors we have mentioned.

Historical plays are better things than historical novels, and the old dramatists ventured to bring upon the stage events of which some of their audience might even have been witnesses. They took but little thought of local colouring, and never sought to reproduce the manners of times different from their own. Tamburlaine with his horde of conquering barbarians, Faustus in his study at Wittenberg, Appius the Roman decemvir, Syphax the Carthaginian, all spoke one language together with modern Italians or English kings of a few centuries ago. Yet they were men; they lived upon the stage in bold and vivid portraiture, which was better than accurate costumes or carefully-studied speeches. Anachronisms were of little consequence on such a stage, because, like the Venetian painters, these old dramatists described the life they found around them. Men are substantially the same at all periods of the world's history. It is the environment of circumstances only which suffers change. Therefore those artists who can really penetrate into the deepest places of their subject, and feel true sympathy with the doers of great deeds in other days, should paint them like the men and women of their own time. This implies a strong conception of their task, and a vivid faculty of living in themselves the life of bygone history. It is not so with us. Extended knowledge, and a keen sense of historical accuracy, have produced another kind of taste. It is not enough that Greeks or Romans in our works of fiction should be men and women. They must move in scenes profoundly studied from the ancient classics, and even their language must have a twang of Lucian or Juvenal.

The parallel which we have drawn between the novels of the present day and the drama of Elizabeth must not be closely pressed, and perhaps we have dwelt too long upon its details. Yet the English, who excelled all other nations in the romantic drama, take the lead in novel-writing also. The old spirit of the playwrights appears in the novelwrights, diluted it is true, and suited to a placid, commonplace, and undramatic age. Nor is there a Shakspeare among novelists. The form of the novel is so loose and changeable that it admits of a greater variety of excellence than tragedy or comedy; and whereas, in the sixteenth century, a few eccentric scholars from the University or idle students of the Inns of Court were writing for the stage, we now have ladies, clergymen, noblemen, dressmakers, and barristers all busily employed in supplying the popular demand for excitement, or in hiding their didactic wisdom beneath the specious covering of a sentimental story. Meantime the novel has displaced the stage. The theatre hardly exists, as an intellectual influence. And this perhaps may be accepted as a proof that what was once the strongest current of our literature has been diverted to another channel.

MR. COBDEN ON THE MALT-TAX.

THE noblemen and gentlemen who are daily holding meetings against the Malt-tax are about to receive a notable ally. Mr. Cobden goes for total and immediate repeal. So we learn from a letter written two or three weeks ago to the Chairman of a Farmers' Club, but only just published, in which he tenders his "sympathy and support" to the Anti-Malt-tax League (that is to be), provided that it pledge itself to the instant and unconditional suppression of six millions sterling of annual revenue. He will hear of no compromise, no qualification, no half-way expedient, and, above all, of no substitute. Nothing will serve him but a good round sweeping measure of abolition, pure and simple. His reasons for this conclusion are very characteristic of a mind which has long since merged statesmanship in an irritable and self-willed egotism, and which indolently or petulantly declines the uninviting labours by which less pretentious economists, without half his ability or a tithe of his opportunities, have heretofore accomplished solidly useful reforms in taxation and expenditure. It is not that he considers the malt-tax to be an exceptionally oppressive or thriftless way of raising money. He has not a word to say about the poor man or the poor man's beer; and, in fact, he finds it convenient to forget that the tax on malt is really a tax on the consumers of malt-liquor. With a shiftiness which it is easier for the politician to admire than for the moralist to approve—and which, in an anonymous journalist, would of course be branded as flagrant dishonesty—the eminent economist chooses to assume, from first to last, that the impost falls exclusively on the growers of barley. And even as a special burden on agriculture, he has not very much to say against it, beyond a passing mention of the great cattle-feeding question, which, at the time he wrote, Mr. Gladstone had not removed from the catalogue of available farmers' grievances. Evidently Mr. Cobden is by no means profoundly impressed with the injustice or inexpediency of the tax against which he nevertheless recommends his agricultural friends to agitate to the last extremity. But, though it were the least onerous tax in the world, there are reasons for denouncing it which, in his

judgment, are decisive. In the first place, the Anti-Corn-law League went for total and immediate repeal, and therefore, by every rule of logic, the Anti-Malt-tax League ought to do the same. The cases are, of course, exactly parallel. Because total and immediate repeal was good in the case of an inequitable and impolitic fiscal arrangement which existed for the purpose, not of revenue, but of protection, it must be equally good in the case of a tax imposed exclusively in the interest of the revenue. As it was reasonable to demand the total and immediate cessation of a legislative injustice which brought not a farthing per annum into the Exchequer except by accident, it must needs be equally reasonable to demand the total and immediate extinction of six millions of annual public income. This notable argument from analogy is flanked by another, not known to logicians, which we may call the *argumentum ab homine*. The malt-tax is a "flagrant exception to an otherwise universal rule"—the universal rule being, as we gather from what follows, that whatever Mr. Cobden recommends is a right and proper thing to do. It seems that, in the year 1848, he published a so-called "National Budget," proposing the repeal or reduction of a number of more or less objectionable taxes, and that all the imposts enumerated in his catalogue have since been repealed or reduced accordingly, with the single exception of the malt-duty. The suppressed premiss in the syllogism is that, if Mr. Cobden is right in some things, he is necessarily right in all things, and that people are bound to swallow his nostrums whole and entire, if some of the ingredients happen to be separately wholesome. There is something very pleasant in the unaffected modesty with which a suggestion made only sixteen years ago is fished up from the forgotten past and cited as an authority from which there must be no appeal.

But the great argument of all remains behind. Mr. Cobden's real reason for wishing the total abolition of the malt-tax is that it would pinch and stint the Exchequer. Precisely because it is a highly productive tax and a very bearable one, because it brings six millions annually into the coffers of the State with unfailing regularity and wonderfully little friction, because it yields a maximum of revenue with a minimum of appreciable pressure, Mr. Cobden promises his sympathy and support to a clamour for its instant and unconditional repeal. He knows that the public service cannot go on without the money which the malt-duty produces; he is "assured that the House of Commons will never vote any substitute for it"; therefore, as he wishes to impoverish and cripple the public service, down with it. There may be other imposts which press more severely on trade and industry, which are more grievously felt by the poorer class of tax-payers, and which incidentally cause a far greater amount of inconvenience and hardship in proportion to their net proceeds; but the malt-tax has the supreme demerit of being an indispensable fiscal resource which, once sacrificed, it will be impossible to replace. Therefore let us get up a grand Anti-Malt-tax League and sweep it away without more words. Without the malt-tax, the army and navy and civil service and the rest of it will have to be cut down by wholesale, and no questions asked as to the policy, expediency, or safety of the reduction; and so, as Mr. Cobden does not like the labour of overhauling the annual Estimates, and declines the task of convincing his countrymen by sober argument that such or such retrenchments are feasible and prudent, he would compel retrenchment anyhow, right or wrong, by simply stopping the supplies. This is "the reason why I should hail a *bona fide* movement of the county constituencies for the repeal of the tax." It is because "I believe it must be accompanied by a reduction of our present wasteful Government expenditure." If the State has not money to spend, of course the State will not spend money; and as Mr. Cobden has always understood true economy to consist, not in the judicious outlay which secures a penny's-worth for every penny disbursed, but in sheer hacking and hewing at grand totals, the desired object of his life will be gained if he can only place the Exchequer in a hopeless difficulty about ways and means. "Long observation and reflection" have convinced him that "this is the only process by which we can ever put a stop to the reckless waste of public money which has swollen our Budgets to their recent enormous dimensions." In short, Mr. Cobden desires the repeal of the malt-tax, not because it is a bad, unjust, or burdensome tax, but because he desires to diminish the financial resources of the country, and to starve the public service. He deliberately wishes the State to be poor, weak, straitened, and embarrassed; and accordingly he is for making an enormous hole in the revenue which, as he believes, no fiscal ingenuity could ever fill up. Repeal of the malt-tax is, with him, simply a rough mechanical expedient for compelling the adoption of a line of national policy which he despairs of recommending to the judgment of his countrymen on its merits.

The proposal to enforce retrenchment by cutting off taxation blindfold and in the lump comes with excellent moral effect from a public man who invariably objects to the trouble of checking in detail the expenditure which he fiercely denounces in the gross. Never by any chance do we find Mr. Cobden at the proper time and place rendering practical service to the cause of economy even as he himself understands it. Occasionally, when the year's Estimates are all voted, he delivers himself of an angry posthumous protest against swollen Budgets and bloated armaments; but we do not recollect that he ever made a serious attempt to arrest the real or imaginary extravagance against which he loves to inveigh. Since the date of this very letter on the malt-tax, the House of

Commons has passed, without a division, those votes which determine the numerical strength, and consequently the cost, of the army and navy for the coming year. Mr. Cobden, we presume, considers those votes scandalously and wickedly in excess of the legitimate demands of the public service. If so, why, in the name of all that is rational, was he not present to lift up his voice against them? It is no answer to say that he is a man of peace, and does not understand military and naval matters; for the question as to the number of soldiers and sailors to be voted for the year's service is not in any sense a question of professional detail, but one of broad national policy. If Mr. Cobden thinks the country has no honest use for 71,000 seamen and marines and 146,000 soldiers, what possible excuse has he for being a silent party to an ostensibly unanimous vote for recklessly wasting the public money? To say that the House of Commons will vote anything that any Minister asks, and that argument and protest are useless, is very much like saying that there is no use in Mr. Cobden's being a member of the House of Commons. A man who is quite in earnest will never think it useless to advocate opinions which he believes to be true, and profoundly important, and susceptible of reasonable proof, in an assembly where he is sure of a hearing, and where every word that he speaks is certain to come under the eye of a nation of readers. Mr. Cobden has heretofore succeeded in convincing reluctant Ministers and hostile Parliaments of the soundness of doctrines which were held only by the merest fractional minority; and why, if he believes that the country is squandering annual millions on unnecessary armaments, should he despair of impressing even an unwilling auditory with convictions which are demonstrably true to his own mind? We are very sure that if, in other days, the old Corn-law had happened to be an annually renewable Act, he would never have let it pass without speaking and dividing against it at every stage; and it is incomprehensible that he should invariably give a tacit sanction to the annual renewal of what he thinks a wasteful and profligate outlay. In any case, one does not see why it should be hopelessly impossible to convince Parliament and the country that a given scale of expenditure is exorbitant and unnecessary, and at the same time perfectly practicable to procure the repeal of the taxation which that expenditure renders indispensable.

There is, we fear, nothing to be said but that Mr. Cobden dislikes a laborious and unattractive duty, and prefers a cheaper and easier style of patriotism. It does not take nearly so much out of a man to rail at the sum total of an account as to examine its items with critical discrimination, and it is infinitely less difficult to talk of cutting off six millions sterling of taxes than to point out how half a million may be saved by judicious economy. Mr. Cobden appears to have definitively chosen the pleasanter and simpler line of business, and we suppose he will continue in the same mind to the end of the chapter. In the meanwhile, the malt duty is probably safe against any agitation conducted after the fashion which he recommends. Reduction of taxation must follow, not precede, reduction of expenditure; and reduction of expenditure will take place when and as Parliament and the country are led to believe that it is safe and feasible. When the malt-tax ceases to exist, it will be either because the public service can conveniently dispense with the money or because some preferable substitute has been discovered. Those who seriously desire its abolition owe small thanks to an ally who ostentatiously avows motives and objects repugnant to the common sense and national feeling of Englishmen.

THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THIS year has witnessed the establishment of an annual contest between the two Universities in running, jumping, and other exercises, which promises to become as popular and interesting as the boat-race and the cricket match. Each University held its own athletic sports separately, and having thus selected its best men it sent them forth to meet the champions of the sister University in a contest which came off last Saturday with as much success as could be expected in a first attempt. These games have the advantage of being adapted to a season when cricket is impracticable and boating disagreeable; but it must be owned that the early days of March, however suitable for running races, are not very congenial to the feelings of those who witness them. But it is impossible to crowd every kind of outdoor contest of skill and strength into the summer months. There are already many more horse races and cricket matches and regattas than there are days available for holding them, or columns of newspapers in which meritorious performances may obtain that publicity which is the sweet reward of toil. At the present moment, it is true that what are called "spring meetings" for horse-racing are being held, although there have been days during the past week on which any reference to spring appeared ridiculous. But the racing season proper cannot as yet be said to have begun, and therefore a convenient opportunity is afforded for the introduction to public notice of a new variety of sporting festival, which it may be safely said that nobody can disapprove. It is not intended to assert that watching another person's performance of any kind in the open air is likely to be in itself agreeable under any weather which is possible in the month of March. But the spectator of athletic sports may at any rate reserve his sympathy for himself, whereas during a false start for a horse-race it is difficult to banish the

reflection that a silk jacket and a pair of thin leather breeches cannot be a comfortable dress in a bitter wind and driving sleet. After all, however, a great deal depends upon how much the supposed sufferer is interested in the work he has in hand. The compassion sometimes expended upon a boat's crew waiting in windy weather for the word to start is nearly as much thrown away as if the object of it were a prize-fighter, who, although his features may have been damaged in a recent battle, will be found to retain his appetite unimpaired. Still it must be owned that the disposition of spectators to admire and applaud is largely dependent upon atmospheric influences, and, therefore, it is not surprising that there should be some talk of removing the University Athletic Sports from the early position in the sportsman's almanack which has been allotted to them in the present year, to some period when there will be a hope of adding to their other attractions that of a genial summer day. It does not need pointing out that such a festival is good for little unless ladies can be induced to appear at it, and it seems rather extravagant to ask ladies to come and sit in Christ Church cricket ground in the first week in March. Leaving, however, for future consideration the time at which this festival may best be held, it is only necessary now to insist that some day, warm or cold, dry or wet, must be found for holding it in every future year.

The title of athletic sports is comprehensive enough to include almost any sort of outdoor amusement for which there may be found time and inclination. It appears, however, that in contests between the two Universities running and jumping form the chief features of the programme. The first event of the Oxford athletic sports, held as a sort of trial before the competition with Cambridge, was a flat race of 100 yards. Under favourable circumstances, this distance can be run in rather more than 10 seconds. The next event was the high jump, in which the winner cleared a height of 5 feet 4 inches. There was then a hurdle-race of 120 yards over 10 flights, which produced a dead heat. The deciding heat was only won by a few inches. This was followed by putting the stone. The weight was 21 lbs., and the winner threw it 35 ft. Then came a flat race of 1 mile, which was run over heavy ground in 4 minutes 58 seconds. In throwing the cricket-ball the farthest distance attained was rather more than 102 yards. Such were the performances of the first day. On the second day there was a quarter of a mile race which was done in 55 seconds. In the long jump the greatest distance cleared was 18 ft. 6 in. There was a hurdle race of 200 yards and 10 flights. A hammer of 16 lbs. weight was thrown rather beyond 83 ft. The chief event of the meeting was a steeple-chase over two miles of fair hunting country. There seem to have been as many casualties as usually occur in steeple-chases. At the third fence all the thirteen competitors except one came to grief, and all, without any exception, got a ducking in the brook. The hill beyond the brook proved fatal to all but two of the competitors. The two survivors ran a severe race home, which was only won by about a foot. Thus there were quite enough of incidents to satisfy the most greedy lover of excitement, but the element of danger which enters into ordinary steeple-chases was wholly wanting. The Cambridge athletic sports had been held in the previous week, and extended over three days. The cricket ball was thrown 108 yards. The one-mile race was a highly creditable performance. In the long jump the winner cleared 18 ft. 8½ in. The stone was thrown 30 ft. 9 in. In the high jump the winner cleared 5 ft. 2 in. There were long and short hurdle-races, and a quarter of a mile flat race, as at Oxford. The walking race of 7 miles was a feature peculiar to Cambridge. The winner did this distance in 64 min. 4 sec., and it was thought that with some improvement in style he would be able to do 7 miles within the hour. The two-mile flat race produced a splendid contest, which was won by 1 ft. upon the post. A match followed, in which one competitor undertook to walk 2 miles in less time than another should run 3 miles. The runner proved victorious.

So much for what may be called the rehearsals previous to the grand performance. The selected champions of Cambridge, accompanied by many friends, appeared on Saturday last at Oxford. The proceedings commenced with a flat-race of 100 yards, which was won by half a yard by Mr. Darbyshire of Oxford. In the high jump, Mr. Gooch of Oxford, and Mr. Osborne of Cambridge, both cleared 5 ft. 4 in., but another inch proved too much for Mr. Osborne, while Mr. Gooch cleared it handsomely. The quarter of a mile flat-race was won easily for Oxford by Mr. Darbyshire. The hurdle-race of 120 yards with 12 flights was won by Mr. Daniel of Cambridge, a well-known cricketer, and Mr. Wynne Finch, also of Cambridge, came in second. The long jump, like the high jump, was won by Mr. Gooch of Oxford. This was a considerable disappointment to the Cambridge men, as one of their representatives had done 18 ft. 8½ in. at home, but both failed at Oxford to get as far as Mr. Gooch's 18 ft. The hurdle-race of 200 yards with 10 flights was won for Cambridge, like the former one, by Messrs. Wynne Finch and Daniel, Mr. Finch beating Mr. Daniel for first place, after a splendid race, by 1 foot. The great event of the day was the one-mile race, for which two competitors appeared on the part of Cambridge and three for Oxford. The contest for the first place lay between Mr. Lawes of Cambridge and Mr. Hannam of Oxford. Mr. Hannam made two gallant efforts to pass Mr. Lawes, but failed, and was beaten by 4 yards. The day's proceedings closed with a steeple-chase over a mile and half of country, with a brook and some stiff fences. The Oxford men

were favourites for this race. All the runners cleared the brook beautifully. Going up the hill Messrs. Garnett and Webster of Cambridge took the lead and kept it to the end. Mr. Grant of Oxford came in third a long way behind them. The result of the whole contest was highly satisfactory, seeing that each University carried off half the prizes. Oxford won the high jump, the long jump, and two short races. Cambridge won both the hurdle races, the mile race, and the steeple-chase. As hurdle-racing includes jumping as well as running, and as long races are a better test of quality than short races, it seems to follow that the most desirable prizes were those which fell to Cambridge. Not, however, that it would be prudent to undervalue the winner of a short race. Look, for instance, among horses, at our old friend Miss Julia, who has been so very great at half a mile. If Miss Julia's retirement from the Turf should be followed by the desired consequence, any person who wishes to possess a foal out of her will do well to prepare himself for bidding liberally. Nevertheless, while regarding the performances of Miss Julia with profound respect, one would rather, if the choice were offered, possess a foal out of Queen Bertha, winner of the Oaks and second in the St. Leger.

It will probably be easier to arrange for a repetition of this contest if the programme be confined to a single day, and therefore it is better to repress suggestions which readily occur to the mind of various sports in which it would be pleasant to see University men competing and useful to the men to have competed. At the present moment, the recommendation of the exercise of sparring to a place in the programme would be particularly unsuitable, because a case is said to be pending in the Court of Queen's Bench which may perhaps result in condemning prize-fighting, and therefore by implication sparring, as unlawful. The principle upon which prizefighting would be condemned would probably be that the law forbids you to punch a man's head even with his own consent, and it seems to follow that the law forbids you to strike either with a glove upon your hand or with your bare fist. The illegality of the blow cannot depend on its severity, and even if it could, there are some men who can hit as hard with gloves as other men can without them. It is not, therefore, friendly to the athletes of the Universities to advise them to take up sparring, or even stick-playing or wrestling, until the law of assault and battery has been elucidated. If they confine themselves principally to running and jumping, they will not do badly, for competition in these exercises admits of being witnessed and understood by a large number of spectators; whereas in some other exercises, such as sparring, science is very much lost upon the multitude, who cannot appreciate anything so well as an abundance of good slogging hits. It may be added, that in running and jumping there is little danger of injury to the health of the athletes through excessive exertion or too severe and protracted training. A man cannot jump higher than he can, nor is it possible to go on running long after one ought to stop. But it is very easy for a man to cripple himself for life by attempting prematurely to perform difficult gymnastic feats. Leaving, however, the discussion of future programmes to some more suitable occasion, it is only necessary now to express the hope that these sports will be annually repeated.

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—THE DRIFT PERIOD.

IN his third lecture, Mr. Lubbock first described some of the bone caves in which human remains have been found associated with those of extinct animals. Secondly, he mentioned some of the cases in which flint implements have been found in drift gravels, and especially called the attention of his audience to the physical features of the Somme Valley. And thirdly, he noticed some calculations by which archaeologists have attempted to form an appropriate estimate of the antiquity of certain remains. As early as 1828, M.M. Tournal and Christol described some caves which contained human jaws and teeth, intermingled with remains of extinct animals. In 1833 and 1834 Dr. Schmerling examined forty caves near Liège, with the same results. In a Sicilian cave, known as the Grotto di Macagnone, and first examined by Dr. Falconer, were found many flint-flakes, bone splinters, ashes, &c., with remains of hyænas, hippopotami, and the African elephant, indicating geographical conditions very different from the present. With Colonel Wood, Dr. Falconer examined subsequently several caves in South Wales. In one of these, flint-flakes, &c. were met with, accompanied by *R. tichorinus* and *R. hemitechus*. At Brixham Dr. Falconer and Mr. Pengelly have examined a cave in which some very interesting remains have been discovered, especially a flint implement which was lying close to the bones of the hind leg of a cave bear. These bones were all in their relative positions, even the knee-cap being in its place, so that the limb must have been imbedded while in a fresh condition, or at least while the bones were held together by the ligaments. As, then, they must have been imbedded soon after the death of the animal, it is evident that, if man and the cave bear were not contemporaneous, the cave bear was the more recent of the two. M. Lartet has described a small cave at Aurignac, in the South of France, which appears to have been used as a family vault, and in which seventeen skeletons were found. Unfortunately, the authorities of the place, with more piety than science, reburied these skeletons, and when M. Lartet visited the locality they could not be found. In and immediately outside the cave, however, were a number of bones belonging to various animals, and apparently the remains of

funeral feasts. All those on the outside of the cave were gnawed by hyænas, but the cave had been carefully closed by a large block of stone, so that the hyænas could not effect an entrance. Bones of the reindeer were most common; some of them were fashioned into rude implements, many of them bore the marks of knives, and they were all broken open for the sake of marrow. Remains of the Irish elk and the rhinoceros were also present, and had been treated in the same manner; the elephant was represented by a calcaneum and a molar tooth. Mr. Boyd Dawkins also has described some flint-flakes found in a bone breccia in an old hyæna den in Somersetshire, and several other cases might be quoted. In fact, the presence of human remains in bone caves is no rare or exceptional occurrence. Nor, if we look at the question from a scientific point of view, is there anything in this that need excite our astonishment. Since the period of the bone caves the changes which have taken place have resulted in the extinction of old rather than the creation of new species. Our other existing mammalia—the stag, ox, horse, boar, fox, wolf, &c.—were already in existence, and we should have had more just cause for surprise if man alone had been unrepresented.

The discovery of flint implements in the drift is mainly due to M. Boucher de Perthes, who, as long ago as 1841, found a flint-flake near Abbeville, in a bed of sand containing the remains of extinct mammalia. In the year 1846 he published his first work on the subject. For several years he made no converts, but in 1853 Dr. Rigollot found similar remains in corresponding strata at St. Acheul, near Amiens. Mr. Prestwich, however, has, more than any one else, rescued the observations of M. de Perthes from unmerited obscurity, and by his careful descriptions of the beds themselves and the physical structure of the valley has greatly enhanced the value of his discovery. Nor must we omit to mention the valuable memoirs in which Mr. Evans has described these flint implements themselves, and pointed out the characters by which they may be distinguished from those of the later Stone Age. These were not, however, the first discoveries of the sort. In the year 1800 M. Frère had described similar implements found at Hoxne in Suffolk, and a very similar flint implement was found in Gray's Inn Lane as long ago as 1715. More recently they have been found in several places in the South-east of England and the North of France. The whole subject may be resolved into four questions:—

1. Are these implements really of human manufacture?
2. Are they genuine?
3. Are they of the same age as the beds in which they are found, and the bones with which they occur?
4. What are the conditions under which these beds of gravel were formed?

As to the first question, the implements speak for themselves; and we believe that there is now no longer any difference of opinion on this point. It might, indeed, be supposed that they were forgeries, but the colour and condition of the surface render it quite easy to detect any imposture. The genuine specimens are stained like the beds in which they occur, whilst the false ones have the leaden hue and lustreless surface of newly-broken flints.

Passing to the third question, Mr. Lubbock stated that the beds are evidently quite undisturbed, and that there are no cracks through which the implements could have reached their present position. Moreover, the form of the hatchets is peculiar, and very unlike that which prevailed in the later Stone Age; besides which they are never polished, as was generally the case in the later Stone Age. Admitting, then, that the stone implements are coeval with the gravel in which they are found, it still remains to be shown that the same is the case with the bones of the extinct mammalia. About this, however, there can be little doubt, for the following reasons:—First, the bones of the extinct mammalia are not more worn than the other remains from the same beds. Secondly, their mineral characters are such as would be derived from the beds in which they occur. Thirdly, the three principal species—the mammoth, hippopotamus, and woolly-haired rhinoceros—are characteristic of these beds, and do not appear to belong to an earlier period. Fourthly, there are no other postpliocene beds from which they could have been obtained. Fifthly, the whole hind leg of a rhinoceros was found at Menchecourt, and it must therefore have been imbedded before the ligaments, &c. had altogether decayed away.

The drift gravel of the Somme Valley consists entirely of flints out of the chalk; whereas, if it had been derived from the country to the south of the present watershed, it would have contained other rocks, and if it had been deposited during any irruption of the sea it would have contained marine remains. The river-drift gravels of other valleys in a similar manner contain only rocks found in the present drainage-areas, which have been carried along the line of the present streams, and in the direction of the present currents. We may, therefore, refer them to river action, and it is unnecessary to invoke for their deposition the assistance of any diluvial waves or violent cataclysms. There are, indeed, in the drift gravels of Northern France large masses of tertiary sandstone which can certainly never have been brought to their present positions by river currents. But we must remember that our climate is at present exceptionally mild. The presence of the Siberian mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the musk ox, and other Arctic animals, indicates that, when these gravels were being deposited, the climate of Western Europe was intermediate between the extreme severity of the

glacial epoch and the exceptional mildness of modern times. Under these circumstances, the rivers of Northern France would have been frequently frozen, and when the ice broke up it might bring down the masses of sandstone. The river St. Lawrence, though not farther north, is frozen every year, and the floating ice brings down great blocks of stone which the water alone could never move. Another difficulty which has prevented some geologists from referring these gravels to river action is that they are sometimes found as much as 150 feet above the present water-level. But as the flint forming the gravel and sand in the Somme Valley has all been derived from the chalk, each cubic foot of gravel represents several, probably about ten, cubic feet of chalk; and if we consider not only the large deposits of gravel along the valley, but also the sand which has been carried out to sea, it is evident that, even since the appearance of man in Europe, the river must have excavated its valley to a considerable depth, and must have originally run at a level much higher than the present.

Some geologists have expressed great surprise at the non-discovery of human bones; but in the Swiss Pfahlbauten and Danish Kjökkenmøddings, though stone implements have been discovered in much greater numbers than in the drift-gravels of the Somme Valley, human bones are scarcely ever met with. Moreover, at St. Acheul, where by far the majority of the flint implements have been found, the only mammalian remains yet discovered belong to the mammoth, horse, ox, and deer, all of which have larger and stronger bones than those of men. We know that this scanty list but very imperfectly represents the mammalian fauna of the period, and while the bones of roe-deer, bears, wolves, foxes, &c., have altogether disappeared, we need not wonder that the same has been the case with those of man.

Passing on to the question of the antiquity of man, Mr. Lubbock pointed out that the physiologist, finding in early Egyptian tombs representations of various strongly-marked races, and in our Northern tumuli skulls of very different forms, could retain his belief in the unity of the human species only on the hypothesis of its very great antiquity. Similar considerations have led the philologist to similar conclusions; while the historian can hardly reconcile the high culture and complex civilization of Egypt with the short space of time allowed in Archbishop Usher's chronology. The antiquity of the Danish Kjökkenmøddings has been inferred, not only from the facts mentioned in the former lecture, but also from the changes which have taken place in the vegetation of the country. At present the beech is the prevailing tree, but researches in the peat bogs have shown that in old times the country was covered with oak-forests, which again were preceded by pines. Stone implements have been found among the stems of the pines, and as the Kjökkenmøddings contain bones of the capercaille, a bird which feeds on the buds of the pine, it is probable that they belong to the same period. These changes in the vegetation give us, if not a definite measure, at least a vivid idea, of the antiquity of man in Denmark.

In Switzerland Mr. Morlot has published some interesting observations on the delta, so to say, of the Tiniere, a little stream running into the Lake of Geneva near Villeneuve. In this delta, or "cone," as it is called by the Swiss geologists from its form, he found some pottery and fragments of human bones, for which he claims an antiquity of from 6,000 to 7,000 years. Again, Mr. Gillieron has given reasons for believing that the Lake habitation at the Pont de Thielle must have an antiquity of between 6,000 and 7,000 years. Mr. Horner's researches in Egypt indicate a still greater antiquity. But these figures are small compared to the estimates which have been made of the time required for the formation of the river drift gravels. Sir C. Lyell has attempted to show that the delta of the Mississippi indicates an antiquity of no less than 100,000 years, and he does not hesitate to express his opinion that the implement-containing beds of the Somme Valley are at least as ancient. Certainly, if the above-given explanation of their origin is correct, their antiquity must be very great, and Mr. Lubbock thought that every one who had stood at Piquigny, Liercourt, or one of the other high points overhanging the valley, must be satisfied as to the immense lapse of time which must have occurred since the first appearance of man in Western Europe. He was not himself prepared to express any opinion in terms of years, but he was far from undervaluing the calculations made by Morlot, Gillieron, Lyell, Horner, and others. Though we must not attribute to these calculations a certainty which they do not possess, and which their authors have never claimed for them, they have at least the advantage of giving precision to our ideas. But were the men of the Drift Age the earliest inhabitants of Europe? Mr. Lubbock thought not. M. Desnoyers has recently called attention to certain cuts and strise found by him on some bones of *Elephas meridionalis*, which—if they are, as he supposes, the marks of arrows and knives—would indicate a still greater geological antiquity for the human race. Sir Charles Lyell himself thinks that we may expect to find traces of man in the pliocene strata. Here, however, he draws the line. But if man constitutes a separate order of mammalia, then, according to all paleontological analogy, we are justified in assuming that representatives of the group were in existence in miocene, if not in earlier, times.

On the whole, then, without expressing any decided opinion as to the antiquity of man estimated in years, Mr. Lubbock claimed for him a greater geological age even than that admitted by Sir C. Lyell. Some of those, perhaps, who shrink from the lowly origin

of man which appears to be indicated by recent researches may find consolation in the antiquity of our race, and from the history of the past may extract hopes for the future. Compare, for instance, a flint hatchet, as a work of art, with one of the masterpieces of Thorwaldsen, or, as an implement, with any of the recent products of mechanical ingenuity; or contrast the minds of the men to whom it never occurred that they might polish their flint axes, with the intellect of an Aristotle, a Linnaeus, or a Newton. Yet there is no reason to suppose that man has reached the limits of his intellectual development, and it is certain that he has not exhausted the infinite capabilities of nature. Indeed, our progress seems to be continually more and more rapid. Even in our own times we may hope to see a great improvement; but the unselfish mind will find its highest reward in the confident hope that our descendants, even in this life, may avoid many of those dangers against which we have but imperfectly striven, escape much of that sin and suffering to which we are subject, enjoy many blessings of which we are not yet worthy, and penetrate perhaps into some of those secrets of nature which we can as yet no more understand than the poor savages who made these flint implements could have appreciated the wonderful discoveries of modern science.

LOST TREASURES.

ENGLAND, according to Dr. Waagen, the learned explorer of our myriad country-houses, is absolutely peculiar and pre-eminent in Europe for the amount and the value of the treasures of art in the hands of her wealthy private proprietors. France has the Louvre and the Luxembourg, each separately richer than our corresponding national collections. Germany has the famous galleries of Vienna, Munich, and Berlin. But, beyond the capital cities, these vast countries are almost deserts in the matter of art. Here and there, at best, a few provincial museums remind the traveller of the fuller feast provided for him in the capital. But in England, besides the many special collections within London, any country house we pass may contain its Titian or its Turner. Royal galleries of sculpture are housed in Bowood and Wilton and Woburn. Dr. Wellesley at Oxford, and the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, possess collections of original drawings by the great masters which only three or four foreign cities at the most can rival. Elsewhere are rooms filled with frail wonders in china, or cases heavy with the gems and coins on which the art of Greece has stamped in miniature the lines of her immortal beauty.

Who, we ask next, are practically the guardians of treasures such as these? They are practically under the guardianship of the housemaid. She is assisted in preserving them by the plumber. Most of the houses which are consecrated to men of taste by contents for which the gold of Australia has no equivalent are of large size. Some of the richest in art are of palatial extent. In every one are endless open fireplaces. In every one are furlongs of repair-requiring gutter. In no one that we know of are the collections placed within rooms fireproof in any valid sense. In most they are enshrined between floors of the oldest and most invitingly combustible of timber. When we see Petworth or Farnley, Chatsworth or Blenheim, Hamilton House or Castle Howard, we are always reminded of some delicate maiden who, in the old legends, walks abroad through forests or cities at nightfall, presuming that she is under the protection of her guardian angel. Housemaids, pages, and plumbers are the guardian angels of our national treasures. The visitor looks with all his eyes, and vexes the housekeeper by returning once more to study that exquisite bit of Raphael. For he thinks it may be a cinder before he comes again.

What we have here dwelt upon is no fanciful idea. Taking the most cursory retrospect of the last two hundred years, England alone has lost, in the fires which ravaged Whitehall and Sir R. Cotton's house, treasures whose value it would be difficult to over-estimate. Hardly a winter passes but with it passes away some vast country-house, including, more or less as the case may be, a long-gathered series of family relics. Sometimes what the world loses are those things of beauty which the poet idly boasted are a joy for ever. Sometimes it is the reliquary, if we may employ the phrase, of one of our great historical families, which is left, as it were, *parvenu* in the country by the annihilation of ancestral heirlooms. It is probable that no small part of the original records of Wales has perished, within the last ten years, in the ruins of Wynnstay and Pengwern. People in general hardly know within how small a space, and in how few repositories, lie the main links which actually connect us with the past history of mankind. They are certainly little aware of the responsibility which the possession of things valuable for art or for antiquity brings with it. We hear often of the duties of wealth. We wish we heard oftener of the duties of proprietorship. Much as Europe has been robbed of by war, it may be doubted whether the annual steady consumption of private houses through simple chance or negligence does not equal war itself in the long run. England is crowded with wealthy or cultivated men who are heaping up treasures—to their destruction. It is crowded with offerings which may be said to be already dedicated to Moloch. We are resigned to the full conviction that none of those who are guardians of what are really public monuments, and who read these lines, will pay the slightest heed to our warning. We know that we are *vox clamantis*. The fatal hour always comes at last, between "Nothing can be more improbable" and "Who would have thought it?" And yet the remedy is a

matter of no real difficulty. It would rarely cost so much as a contested election, where one of the candidates will be repaid by nothing except the "gratitude of his party." All that is wanted is that every one who builds a new house should require that it shall be built with fireproof floors, at once greatly improving his comfort, securing his valuables, and saving his insurance; or that those whose houses are already in existence should place their treasures within a detached and fireproof chamber. What great lord, or commoner ennobled by his collections, will take our advice, and, when he next hears of the destruction of a Hatfield, be thankful to a Saturday Reviewer?

This practical and, we believe, almost unqualified private insecurity would seem to suggest that it is cause for rejoicing, if only for safety's sake, when treasures are secured from loss by deposition within one of the national museums. In a certain degree, this indeed is so. The special risk of the private, and more particularly of the country, house is the number of fires kept up in what we may call the unguarded parts of the building. There is always some out-of-the-way stove, or some forgotten flue, which ends, or will end, in burning down the sedulously watched gallery. It is only a question of time. Public collections are more or less free from this source of destruction. Yet even amongst these there are often (as at Trafalgar Square) one or two sets of rooms used for private residents. These subsidiary dwellings were the ruin of the Old Palace of Westminster and of the Pordenone (miscalled Titian) Gallery at Blenheim. Yet this evil would be comparatively unimportant if the buildings were fireproof. Will it be believed that, after centuries of experience of fire and of experience in construction, there is probably not one of our public galleries or libraries, the Record Office excepted, which can be called strictly fireproof? Even the British Museum and the National Gallery are only approximately so. A combustible roof protects, till it destroys, the marbles of the Parthenon—as another such roof covers, till plumbers will it otherwise, the almost equally priceless treasures of the Abbey. Other repositories, notably those of the two wealthiest Universities in the world, invite the flames by every feature of their construction. But it is in vain to try to move the sluggish guardians of this more than national property. The new Library at Cambridge is ceiled with a lath-and-plaster mimicry of vaulting. All the efforts of a curator to whose devotion Oxford is incalculably indebted have failed to obtain protection for the world-famous stores of the Bodleian.

Educated men who pass that Library or the Abbey at Westminster must often think, with a union of pride and reverence, how large a portion of English and of universal history, in the form either of record or of relic, is laid up within those walls. Let them add to the reverence with which they regard these sanctuaries, and to the pride they take in them as Englishmen, another feeling—a sense of humiliation, not unminged with wrath, that an hour's neglect or a minute's wilfulness may at once and for ever do for Abbey and Library what Omar is said to have done for the Museum of Alexandria. Nor should they forget that, wherever they see one of those great churches which are the glory of European capitals, a similar holocaust is preparing. Every day, in France and England, we hear of vast sums devoted, not always under the guidance of skilful or sympathetic hands, to the restoration of Cathedrals. At this moment, the Chapter of St. Paul's is appealing for aid to decorate Wren's master-work. The Abbey has received lately several gifts from private liberality. We would suggest, with all respect, that a truer liberality and a wiser prudence would have dispensed for a time with the glass of Munich and the mosaics of M. de Triqueti ordered for St. Paul's, and with the pulpit of Messrs. Scott and Philip in the Abbey, till the structures themselves, by the substitution of metal for wood in the roof and dome, should have been put into some decent state of security. The intention of these decorations, however small the confidence we may have in their effect, is at least good; but surely the first step of the promoters should be their safety. At any rate we venture to press this, before the restoration of the Chapter House, upon Dr. Stanley and his colleagues. It is a case of what, in the old French Assembly, used to be proclaimed as *Urgency*.

National treasures are sometimes also lost to us in another way. We have hitherto noticed the destruction effected by chance, by servants, and by workpeople. But we should not do justice to our subject if we passed over in silence the losses due, in another way, to trustees and curators. This is an unpleasant chapter. Those who are at any time brought to book for the neglect, or partiality, or jobbing with which they may at times administer the trusts committed to them, fill the air with the clamour of injured officialism. There is, however, no other way of correcting these only too human elements of human management. We cannot afford to wait till unpleasant disclosures are only heard by grandchildren or successors. It is now of no use to complain that, some thirty years since, the National Gallery failed to obtain the famous Raphael "Alba" Madonna from the Solly collection, and let it go (to be burned) within the Palace of the Hermitage; but it may not be wholly unprofitable to draw attention to more recent instances of official blundering and negligence. With this view we have now to speak. It will be remembered that we had lately occasion to call attention to a highly unsatisfactory state of things within the British Museum, where, with a coarse and curious disregard to scientific remonstrances, an appointment had been filled up in the Entomological department. We did not write with any idea of correcting an evil already

fixed and petrified by official sanction. It was not likely that strictures, however well merited, should undo what the appeal of the respected curators concerned had failed to prevent the dictator of the Museum from doing. We are, however, sorry to find, by a rumour now current in art circles, that public interests are not yet treated with proper regard in Great Russell Street. It is known to connoisseurs that, in the item of ancient engraved gems, our collection ranks very far below the standard which in many other points it has reached. It is known also that in no branch of art are recent counterfeits more common, and, consequently, evidence of fact to the antiquity of objects more valuable. An attempt was apparently made last year to remedy this blank in the national treasure-house. At a price which subsequent facts prove to have been extremely moderate, a private gentleman offered to the Museum a celebrated collection of ancient gems, the importance of which may be conjectured from the circumstance that this single source furnished more than half the illustrations to the well-known book which Mr. King published two years ago on the subject. The peculiar value of the collection lay, as we infer from Mr. King's notices, not only in the extraordinary variety in style and age which the series (above 1,500 stones) exhibited, but also in the fact that a large portion of it had been gathered by a German merchant of the sixteenth century, and catalogued shortly afterwards in one or two publications. It will be seen how peculiarly desirable the union of these two conditions rendered the collection for a national museum, for the true purposes of which a complete exhibition of the history of an art, and a certificate of genuineness, are of primary importance. And, to complete the case, the existing gems in the Museum comprise some very fine comparatively isolated specimens, which would have acquired more than double value when seen, as it were, in their natural order by the completion of the long series of ancient art to which they belong.

Our readers will anticipate the *dénouement* of the tale. The collection, after a long delay, was curtly refused. The owner, we presume from annoyance, at once disposed of it to a dealer, who is understood to have made, by fair sale, piecemeal, to those who had taste and knowledge to appreciate ancient art, a more than double profit by the transaction. The identity of the series has thus perished, and with it one more link in the history of mankind. Rumour has reported the reasons which were given at the meeting at which this unfortunate decision was made. They appear to have been just such reasons as naturally would accompany a predetermination to throw away national treasures. We do not, however, think it needful to record them. The loss has been incurred, and it will be seen that it is beyond remedy. But the moral remains, and we cannot shrink from giving it. This decision, it is no secret, practically lay with two of the governing staff. The claims of these gentlemen to public respect do not require discussion. Mr. Panizzi's zeal for the enlargement of the Library, even if it be that zeal which is said to be not according to knowledge, has done some real service to the country. This service is, perhaps, rather beyond ordinary appreciation. But he has also earned the lasting gratitude of all those young persons who meet daily to study novels, or to prepare for a competitive examination, within the dome which will be his greatest, it not his best, title to fame. Mr. Newton, if not hitherto so successful in his dealings with literature, will be remembered through his share in exhuming some fragments of the Halicarnassian Mausoleum. Such high officers neither require nor would value our eulogies. Being, from the constitution of the Museum, practically irresponsible, they may believe themselves also quite beyond the range of public criticism. Yet we must add—and with reference not merely to the transaction above noticed—that a gentle protest should not be wanting from the organs of popular opinion if national interests are at any time compromised, or what might have been national treasures lost, through this irresponsibility. In private life we are only amused at the personal vanity which can see value nowhere but in its own acquisitions. We say, it is the natural foible of collectors. Or a collector may be possessed by a spirit of overbearing and dictatorial exclusiveness, and then we wonder that familiarity with literature has not given a more liberal turn to the mind than that which might (and, in this case, with peculiar appropriateness) be expressed by the adage, "nothing like leather." But it is a serious evil that such narrowing views should impede the full development of what ought to be a Universal Museum.

THEATRICAL DIDACTICS.

THE advocates of capital punishment generally rest their opinion on the assumption, tacit or expressed, that there is no kind of terror so great or so generally felt as the fear of death; and that, consequently, this particular fear is especially useful to the legislator, as a powerful auxiliary towards the prevention of crime. The hypothesis that the fear of being hanged will, more than any other emotion, deter a large number of persons from the perpetration of acts of which hanging is a probable sequence, is the moral basis upon which the gallows is erected. Hogarth, with all his knowledge of human nature, could not devise any higher moral theory than is implied in this belief, when he warned youth against idleness and cruelty by representing that they were but the early stages of a career of which capital punishment was the likely termination. Teetotalers have recourse to sanitary arguments and perversions of Scripture when they

would inculcate complete abstinence, but even they feel no objection to the introduction of a grim apparition of the gallows in the background of some ugly picture as an extra admonition against alcohol. On the other hand, Lord Bacon in one of his immortal essays makes out very clearly that, notwithstanding the universal belief in the potency of the fear of death, there is scarcely a passion by which this fear is not frequently overcome. A man will risk his life for the sake of love, glory, ambition, revenge—for anything, in short, when his desire to attain a certain end has exceeded a certain measure. Here, then, is an argument against capital punishment when mainly recommended on the above-mentioned assumption; and its advocates must now draw distinctions between the fall of a soldier on the battle-field, or even of a duellist under his adversary's fire, and the death of a murderous thief on the scaffold. The most powerful preventive against the commission of an act is not the fear of mere death, but of death under certain ignominious circumstances. Hogarth, when he showed the idle apprentice at Tyburn, and the body of Tom Nero in the dissecting room, not only appealed to the fear of death, but also to that of disgrace. Thus a feeling which at the first glance appeared to be very simple turns out, on examination, to be highly complex.

In spite of all these considerations and of the recorded exploits of innumerable "forlorn hopes," the broad maxim that the fear of death is all-powerful, save when counteracted by strong religious convictions, will readily pass muster among the bulk of persons who mainly fill the place of worship and the lecture-room, and we have no doubt that it lay at the foundation of at least five hundred awakening sermons preached on the occasion of the execution of the five pirates. The moral theories of a multitude are sure to be crude and inaccurate, but nevertheless they are tenacious of the popular mind; and if a man wishes to look wise in the eyes of a large unthinking public, he had better lay down some grand general principle that accords with the prejudices of his hearers, and ignore as far as possible every circumstance by which the operation of that principle may be impeded or qualified. With the majority of Dissenting preachers, for instance, the conviction that it is sinful to attend theatres is less a moral theory than a positive article of faith; and the Independent minister who should venture to assert that the stage is less immoral now than in the days of Charles II., and that the dissolution of a long-standing connexion between theatrical saloons and prostitution has removed from the play-houses one of the chief causes of offence, would be regarded not only as lax, but as heterodox. It is the broad principle of the Dissenters that theatres are wicked, and any preacher who attempts to explain this principle away must be content to forfeit their good opinion.

Under certain circumstances, worldly maxims are established which, though unconnected with any deep sentiment or strong conviction, are thought to be redolent of practical wisdom. The assertion of Sir Robert Walpole that every man has his price is still cited by many as a compendium of truth, and the speculative tendencies of the present age have intensified this assertion into a sort of cynical belief that no one respects anything but money. The stage being the pulpit in which worldly platitudes are most effectively preached, the author who can roundly and repeatedly assert this belief in a satirical comedy is sure, if he amuses his audience, of inspiring them with a wonderful respect for his shrewdness. His personages may be sketched with a feeble hand, but if he can contrive to make them all bow down ostentatiously before the Golden Calf, save one disinterested man who comments bitterly on their abject nature, it will be hard to convince a theatrical audience that he is not a keen detector of the weaknesses of humanity. He expounds to them a theory with which they have been familiar for years, and which they could as readily have expounded to him, but that does not lessen the belief in his general acuteness. Indeed, it is not too much to assert that, to a mixed public, whether assembled in a church or in a theatre, that instructor appears the wisest who really does not instruct his hearers at all, but simply echoes their own opinions in language better and more pointed than they could themselves command. When turbulent Scotch parishioners declare in a body that the minister forced upon them by the patron "does not edify," they do not mean to assert that he tells them nothing new, or throws no new light on an old subject, but that he does not forcibly embody their own long-entertained convictions.

Now the popular theory that every one in the nineteenth century worships money with a devotion unknown to previous ages is ostentatiously promulgated in *Paul's Return*, a new comedy written by Mr. Watts Phillips, and brought out at the Princess's; and the teachings of the author are accepted with a murmur of approbation by the audience precisely because they correspond to the crude opinions entertained by an unthinking multitude. They directly appeal to the professedly "knowing" among mankind, and nothing is more easy than to be "knowing" in theory. The aspirant after 'cuteness has simply to make up his mind that self-interest is the only motive of human action, and that prosperous wickedness commands more respect than luckless virtue can ever hope to attain, and lo! he is already set up with a stock of worldly wisdom that will enable him to appreciate whole pages of biting sarcasm, if not to be prominently sarcastic himself. What folly to waste time on a profound study of human nature, when all that is worthy of the knowing one's knowledge may be com-

prised in a few brief sentences, which the late Mr. Thackeray could have written within the periphery of a sixpence, and which may be committed to memory in a couple of minutes.

With the construction and writing of *Paul's Return* we have no especial fault to find. The story of a merchant, naturally high-principled, but tempted in an unlucky moment to appropriate to his own use a large sum placed in his hands for the benefit of an orphan girl, is told with a great deal of power. If the erring gentleman dishonestly retains the moneys, he exposes their rightful and interesting owner to a life of poverty and humiliation. If he does the correct thing, and disgorges the spoil, he sacrifices the happiness of his daughter, since he can only obtain the funds necessary for this honest operation by bestowing her hand upon a disgusting man of wealth, while she is ardently attached to a poor relation. The knot is cleverly tied and untied, and the character of the merchant is effectively developed. The dialogue, too, is pointed, without that perpetual strain after brilliancy which is so painfully perceptible in some of Mr. Phillips's earlier works.

With the piece then, as a piece, we find no especial fault. Simply as a well-dramatized story, well put upon the stage, it merits success. But we cannot admire the didactic position assumed by the author, although we are by no means sure that, in adopting it, he does not show that he is wise in his generation. He obviously thinks that he is giving a valuable lesson, and the audience believe that they are very ably taught. When the personage called Paul returns from California, the belief that he is wealthy causes a troop of hungry relatives to throng around him, but they are immediately repelled by the proof that he is poor. The humble orphan girl is treated with scorn, but directly her fortunes are changed by the restitution of her property those who were the foremost to insult are the readiest to pay abject homage. Money, money, money, is the sole object of the world's adulation. This is the proposition which the author would enforce by means of incident, character, speech, and repartee; and the few characters who are exceptional to the general rule stand out in virtuous contrast to the normal Englishman, as the Huron of Voltaire by his superior lustre renders more striking the depravity of surrounding Europeans.

Now, after all, is there any truth in the opinion that the love of money is a particular characteristic of the present age, or that there ever was an age in which it would not yield as readily as the fear of death to the counter-pressure of another passion? To the fathers of grown-up sons the great source of uneasiness is that their offspring will, on the one hand, throw away the money they have already got, and, on the other, neglect the toil necessary for the accumulation of more. The man who loves money for its own sake is a decidedly exceptional character, and if his love becomes intense to an inordinate degree, he is regarded as a sort of monomaniac, whose death, when it takes place, will be recorded by a newspaper paragraph in which probably he will be ranked with Elwes and Dancer. As for the men who love riches as means to an end, they fall into as many categories as there are goals to human aspirations. Money is requisite to the parish benefactor who builds a church, to the model Paterfamilias who gives a first-class education to a large family, to the gay and convivial soul who delights his lady friends with his superb balls and his gentlemen friends with his exquisite dinners, to the patron of art who purchases the productions of the painter and the sculptor, and to the morose voluptuary who shuts himself up in a very terrestrial paradise peopled by costly houis. But to say that all these persons are mainly actuated by a love of money would be as absurd as to affirm that the people who crowd a great railway-station, each with some different object in view, are simply tempted by the pleasure of riding in the carriages. Gaming indeed looks, at the first glance, like a passionate love of money carried to a suicidal extent; but on examination it will be found that the honest gamester plays for the sake rather of excitement than of profit, while the dishonest gamester needs money for one of the many ends for which money is requisite, and, like other swindlers, is unscrupulous as to the means of obtaining it.

Again, when we satirize the world for adulating people in prosperity, what do we really mean? Prosperity in the abstract is not worshipped, but the prosperous man is sought on account of the possible benefit that may be derived from him by the seekers. Dives, who locks up all his money in safe investments, capitalizes his interest, and is known to be a man who can say "no" without flinching, will scarcely count more worshippers than Lazarus who has run through his fortune. The path of life is rugged enough to the majority of civilized mankind, and those who travel upon it naturally look to those who may possibly afford them a helping hand, rather than to those who cannot even help themselves. If we wanted to find our way to the Boulevard Sebastopol we should purchase a map of Paris, not a map of London, even though we knew that the vendor of the former was a monster of wickedness, and the vendor of the latter the most estimable of mortals.

In the eyes of reflecting persons, the dramatist never appears more feeble than when he assumes the character of a direct moral teacher. He has not the space accorded to the novelist for the exposition and proper qualification of some grand ethical principle, and he is called upon to gratify a mixed multitude the majority of which cannot appreciate theoretical niceties. Hence he almost necessarily deals in platitudes which have been inconsiderately accepted by a sort of universal suffrage, but which are of most dubious validity in the estimation of the thinking few. It is true

that the dramatist who understands the proper uses of his art may work upon feelings in a manner conducive to some moral end, but the worst enemies of the stage never so completely misunderstand its purpose as those injudicious friends who contend that it is a *school of morals*.

REVIEWS.

WORDS AND PLACES.*

THIS book naturally reminds one of Miss Yonge's History of Christian Names, and, on the whole, the two may fairly go side by side. Mr. Taylor's book, however, is by no means so pleasantly written as Miss Yonge's; its arrangement is not so good, and it does not go so near to exhausting its own subject. In point of accuracy of detail the two are much on a level; a great deal of really good matter is disfigured by mistakes here and there. Perhaps Mr. Taylor's mistakes are not much more numerous or much more important than Miss Yonge's; but they strike one more, partly because his way of writing is more pretentious, partly because we naturally and fairly judge a lady by a less severe standard than that by which we judge a Reverend M.A. Still, after all deductions, Mr. Taylor has produced a really useful book, and one which, like Miss Yonge's, stands alone in our language. Though we think his arrangement might be improved, he has brought together a great mass of facts and references which are not to be found, as far as we know, in any other English book, and he has thrown light on several very interesting subjects of inquiry.

If Mr. Taylor intends his book for a complete treatise on local nomenclature or on European local nomenclature, it is strange that he should take so little notice as he does of either Greece or Italy. No separate portion of the work is devoted to either; they come in only for incidental mention here and there. Of the ancient nomenclature of Greece Mr. Taylor says next to nothing; of the modern nomenclature he says a little more, but still not in any connected shape. Yet surely Greek nomenclature of both periods is among the most interesting fields of inquiry which the whole subject opens. The nomenclature of Greek places, like the nomenclature of Greek men, falls into two great periods. The later names of both classes are intelligible at first sight; the meanings of the earlier ones are doubtful and obscure. Some may doubtless be explained by the existing Greek language; but the explanation lies rather below the surface; it does not force itself upon one's mind as it does in the other case. Amphipolis, Neapolis, Antigoneia, speak for themselves; Athens, Thebes, Sparta, Sicyon, do not. Plausible Greek derivations may be given for some of them, but they are derivations which do not strike every one, and which are at least open to dispute. Are we, then, to seek their meanings in other Aryan languages? or are we to look upon any of them as vestiges of earlier inhabitants, like Celtic names in England and Germany? How far, again, did the Greeks in colonizing adopt native names, bestow significant Greek names, or simply transfer the names of existing Greek places? Instances may be found of all three kinds; but the subject is well worth working a little further. Again, have Boeotian and Hypoplacian Thebes, Thebes in Egypt, and Thebes in Palestine, anything to do with one another? In the modern nomenclature of Greece we simply read the modern history of Greece. Besides the manifest traces of Roman, Slavonic, Frankish, Venetian, and Turkish inroads, we have, legibly written in the local nomenclature of Peloponnesus, the history of the Hellenic reoccupation after the Slavonic occupation. Of these matters, Mr. Taylor passes by some altogether, and enters fully into none. When he is accumulating his list of Axes, Esks, and similar river-names, it is a little hard not to find any mention of old father Achelous, or even of the unmistakable Axe of Macedonia:—

Ἀχελῷος, οὗ ἐκάλιστον ὕδωρ ἐπικύδναται αἶψ.

Mr. Taylor's principle of arrangement is not very easy to follow. After some general chapters, he begins with the Phœnicians; then we come to Arabs, Anglo-Saxons, Northmen, and Celts; after which we have more general chapters again, except one which is devoted to the "Street-names of London." It follows that the main portion of Mr. Taylor's labours is devoted to the local nomenclature of England and of countries closely connected with England. He has undoubtedly brought out one or two points of some consequence—sometimes, we are tempted to think, of more consequence than Mr. Taylor himself quite perceives. For instance, he points out the fact, which we do not remember to have ever before seen mentioned, that in the extreme North of England the Saxon form *-chester* in local names reappears, beyond the series of Anglian (or Danish) *-castles*. This may point to very important consequences. If Mr. Taylor can establish the existence of early Saxon settlement to the north of the Angles, it will explain one or two puzzling things. It will at once show why the Northern as well as the Western Celts call the English Saxons. It will do so far more satisfactorily than can be done by bringing forward any mere passing incursions on the part of Saxon pirates, which is the only explanation that has hitherto presented itself. It will also explain the mysterious

description of Wearmouth as "Coenobium in Saxonâ (Bede, Life of Benedict, § 19)"—"Saxonâ" being otherwise a strange expression for England at all, and strangest of all for Northumberland. Mr. Taylor, however, uses the word Saxon in a vague way, as when he calls Huntingdonshire "purely Saxon." Anybody would think from the following passage that the "English" were a fresh invading horde, quite different from the "Saxons," and whose settlement was of later date than that of the Danes:—

The Isle of AXHOLME or AXELHOLME, in Lincolnshire, is now joined to the main land by a wide tract of rich cornland. The name shows that it has been an island during the times of the Celts, Saxons, Danes, and English. The first syllable *Ax* is the Celtic word for the water by which it was surrounded. The Saxons added their word for island to the Celtic name, and called it *Axey*. A neighbouring village still goes by the name of HAXEY. The Danes added *holm*, the Danish word for island, to the Saxon name, and the English have corrupted Axeyholm into Axelholme, and contracted it into Axholme, and have finally prefixed the English word *Isle*.

So what can be meant by calling the great forest of Sussex a "Saxon forest"? What is the meaning of such a sentence as this?—

The great deficiency of bridges is still more forcibly impressed upon us when we remember that while the names of so many large towns present the suffix *ford*, there are only a very few which terminate in *bridge*. We have TUNBRIDGE, WEYBRIDGE, UXBRIDGE, STOCKBRIDGE, CAMBRIDGE, and a few more which stand on small and easily-bridged streams. But in all these cases the English form of the suffix seems to show the comparatively modern date of the erection, and names like BEIXTON, which take a Saxon form, are extremely rare.

Mr. Taylor seems to have forgotten Briegstow, now Bristol. But the point we have to remark upon is this silly way of using "Saxon" as a chronological term as opposed to "English," which we are quite prepared for in ignorant and slovenly writers, but not in one who pretends to so much ethnological precision as Mr. Taylor does. The following passage is really offensive:—

But the extravagances of Geoffrey of Monmouth, or the more recondite myths of Grecian history, concern us less nearly than the eponymic names which fill the earlier pages of Bede and the Saxon Chronicle. These narratives are still regarded as historical by the great mass of half-educated Englishmen, who seem to have hardly a conception that, in the ordinary school histories of England, the chapter "On the Arrival of the Saxons" relates the deeds of personages who, in all probability, have only an eponymic existence.

"Half-educated people," in Mr. Taylor's sense, know nothing about the Chronicle or what is in it. It is perhaps "half-educated people," in another sense, who are most likely to despise it. Mr. Taylor goes on a little way further to say:—

Again, CARISBROOKE, in the Isle of Wight, was anciently written *Wihth-gara-byrig*. Respecting the etymology of this name there can be little doubt. *Wihth* is a corruption of *Vectis*, the Roman name of the island. The inhabitants of the island would be called *Wihth-wara*, and the chief town of the island would be called *Wihth-gara-byrig*, "the burgh of the men of Wight," just as Canterbury, or *Cant-wara-byrig*, is "the burgh of the men of Kent." But when the Saxon Chronicle asserts that *Wihth-gara-byrig* was the burgh of a Saxon chief named *Wihthgar*, who was buried there, we can entertain no doubt that the name of *Wihthgar*, like that of *Port*, is eponymic.

At the bottom of the page is an ominous reference to what Mr. Taylor himself elsewhere calls the "dangerous" writings of Dr. Latham. But, be it Latham or be it Taylor, "*Wihthgarabyrig*" and "*Cantwarabyrig*" are not words of the same formation, still less if we take the form "*Wihthgaresbyrig*," which the modern form *Carisbrooke* shows to be the more accurate. *Wihthgar* may be historical or not, but there is nothing improbable in his story. He and his father *Stuf* reigned in Wight as the vassals of their uncle *Cerdic*, and the younger chief may very well have taken his name from his island. *Wihthgaresbyrig* is no more impossible than *Eadwinesbyrig*, which nobody doubts. But it is too absurd when Mr. Taylor goes on:—

But we should undoubtedly be wrong were we to extend our scepticism to some other cases. For instance, we read in a later and more historical portion of the Saxon Chronicle, that King *Harthacnut* drank himself to death at a feast which *Osgod Clapha*, one of the great nobles of Wessex, gave in his house at Lambeth to celebrate the marriage of his daughter *Gytha* with *Tovi the Proud*. In this case there is a very high probability that the London suburb of CLAPHAM takes its name from the *ham* of the Saxon *thane*.

"A later and more historical portion!" when the account of *Harthacnut* in the Chronicle is undoubtedly contemporary. But be it observed that there is nothing about *Osgod Clapha* and his daughter (still less about *Clapham*) in the Chronicle. We do not mean to throw any doubt on the story, for it is in Florence, but a man should know what is in one book and what is in another. As a general rule, Mr. Taylor, notwithstanding his long list of works consulted, rather fights shy of original authorities. For several facts which he might have found in the Chronicle, he refers, of all books in the world, to Mr. St. John's Four Conquests. In another place he even stoops as low as Dr. Liddell's History of Rome.

Mr. Taylor has gathered together some very interesting details as to the prevalence of Teutonic names in some parts of Picardy and Artois. From this he wishes to establish some special connexion between this district and the opposite coast of Britain. But are these names any more than a very natural extension of the local nomenclature of Flanders, which is just of the same kind? Mr. Taylor seems throughout to live in bondage to the modern map. He gives us a map of France, with its full Napoleonic boundary, Savoy and all, marking where Teutonic names occur. He tells us, with great simplicity, that "the shaded district is full of names of the pure German type"; "they cluster most thickly

* Words and Places; or Etymological Illustrations of History, Ethnology, and Geography. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

in the old province of Lorraine." "The shaded district" is no other than what once was Elsass, then Alsace, now Upper and Lower Rhine.

Mr. Taylor, in his zeal against the Chronicle and its contents, tries to upset the received version of the settlement of Britain by Angles, Saxons, and Jutes, by showing that other Teutonic tribes took part in the conquest. The fact is indisputable: Procopius mentions the Frisians in Britain, and Mr. Taylor is perfectly right in bringing up such names as *Frankley* and *Frisby*. But all this in no way upsets the received account. All great national migrations draw along with them detachments of other tribes besides the principal one which gives its name to the main settlement. So a certain number of Franks, Swabians—anybody that Mr. Taylor pleases—may very likely to have come into Britain along with the Angles and Saxons. But the fact that special settlements bear their names proves how few they were. A Frank settlement was something remarkable and took its name accordingly. So in the purely Anglian and Danish districts, we find a few Saxtons, Saxhams, and similar names; doubtless there a Saxon settlement was something equally remarkable. But that Franks and Swabians contributed no important element to the population of England is clear from the simple fact that our language is, and always has been, Low-Dutch and not High-Dutch. Frisians are another matter; they are Low-Dutch also, and Mr. Taylor may give us as many of them as he pleases.

Elsewhere Mr. Taylor, though he speaks of Dr. Latham as dangerous, has been led away by him into planting Scandinavian colonies in Pembrokeshire and other parts of South Wales, for which there is no evidence whatever. Dr. Latham mistook *Tenby*, a purely Celtic name identical with that of *Denbigh* in North Wales, for a Danish *-by*. Mr. Taylor improves upon this, and tells us that *Tenby* is *Danceby*! We at first thought that Mr. Taylor had simply mistaken the Flemings of Pembroke and Glamorgan for Northmen, but it seems that he makes a distinction between them and his own imaginary settlement. Thus, of the Teutonic names in Pembrokeshire—Haroldston, Williamston, and the like—in whose formation we can see no difference whatever, Mr. Taylor tells us that Haroldston is a Norse and Williamston a Flemish settlement; moreover that Williamston means Williamstown, but that Haroldston is not Harold's town but Harold's stone. This is too subtle for us. As usual, a colony of Flemings may have embraced some men of other races, and, as usual too, many names and forms which Mr. Taylor marks as distinctively Danish are simply common to Danish and English. *Hubberston*, which Mr. Taylor oddly forms from *Hubba*, is plainly from *Hubert*. Again, among distinctly Scandinavian names he puts the *Worms Head*, though the form of the name is distinctively non-Scandinavian; to the *Orms Head* in North Wales he has of course a perfect right.

There are some odd things scattered up and down through the book. Thus Mr. Taylor attributes some of the Teutonic names in modern France to the fact that "Charlemagne transported into France a vast multitude of Saxons." For once Mr. Taylor gives us two real original references; but, on turning to them, we simply find that these Saxons were taken in *Franciam*, which, in the language of Charles' age, may mean somewhere close to Paris, but may also mean somewhere close to Frankfurt. The odd division of Sussex into *Rapes*—a puzzling appearance of a seemingly Scandinavian word in a purely Saxon kingdom—is, according to Mr. Taylor, "a memorial of the violent transference of landed property by the Conqueror." By "the Conqueror" we presume that Mr. Taylor, like other people, means William the Bastard, who, we must remind him, had quite forgotten his ancestors' Danish. By way of etymology, Mr. Taylor tells us (p. 237) that the name *Rochester* contains the Celtic root *ross* or *ros*. Did he never see the form *Hrofescaster*, or the common signature of the Bishop, *Roffensis*? In the same page the Canton of *Graubünden* (the Grisons, the Grey Leagues) has its first syllable gravely derived from the Celtic *craig*, a rock! In p. 276 Mr. Taylor implies that the name of *Lidge* (Lüttich, Luik, Leodium, Leuic) has, like Leicester, something to do with *legions*. This is indeed being in bondage to one's French map. The German *Diet* comes (p. 309) from *diet* (pidō), people. Now the word *Diet* is not German at all; the old name is *Tay-Reichstag*, *Landtag*, just as may happen; this became in Latin *Dieta*, whence the usual French and English forms. The plain English word *meeting*, the verbal substantive of the verb to *meet*, is, we are told, "properly the *mot thing*" (p. 311). Mr. Taylor, speaking of corruptions of names, says:—

KENILWORTH is written Killingworth by Shakespeare and Marlowe. Kenilworth was a very ancient hunting-seat, and the transformation of the name is probably due to a supposed reference to the kennels of the hunting pack.

Mr. Taylor here transposes matters. If the castle belonged to Robert Dudley, it also belonged to Simon of Montfort, and if it is written *Killingworth* by Shakespeare and Marlowe, it is written *Kenilworth* by Walter of Hemingburgh, Nicholas Trivet, William Rishanger, and Matthew Paris. *Switzerland* (p. 418) is not at all analogous to *Poland*. *Poland*, as Mr. Taylor truly says, is a corruption of *Polen* or *Polayn*, but *Switzerland* is a perfectly correct formation, and the form *Schweizerland*, though much less common than *Schweiz*, is known in the country. In p. 455 Mr. Taylor seems to have taken Dr. Maitland's joke about "penny-royal" quite seriously. "Penny" is perhaps the diminutive of the Celtic *pen*, a head. "Penny," of course, is the same as *pfennig*; what *pfennig* is, is another matter. "The word δούλος [the accent is Mr. Taylor's] is probably derived

from the δόλος, a subject race of Thessaly" (p. 464), and *villain* and *vile*, palpable Romance words, are made to come from "the Anglo-Saxon *vealh*," meaning of course *wealh*. Whatever may be the origin of the queer legend of Guy of Warwick and the Dan Cow, we cannot believe that it is "a misunderstood tradition of his conquest of the *Dana gau*, or Danish settlement in the neighbourhood of Warwick." The following statement contains more mistakes than there are lines:—

On Brent Knoll near Athelney in Somersetshire, is a camp which tradition ascribes to Alfred, and near the foot of the hill stands the village of *BATTLEBURY*.

Brent Knoll is not near Athelney. Battlebury is not a village, but a mound; nor is it near either Brent Knoll or Athelney. Lastly we have a bit of mythology which would amaze Professor Max Müller or Mr. G. W. Cox:—

Again, we are told that the Danaides, beloved and pursued by Apollo, were condemned to carry water in broken urns to fill a bottomless vessel. This myth receives a beautiful interpretation as an esoteric exposition of a natural phenomenon, if we interpret the ancient gloss *dan*, as meaning water. We then see that the Danaides, the daughter of *Dan*, or water, are the cloud nymphs, the mountain mists, chased along the wooded slopes of Tempe by Phœbus, the sun. They bear water up the mountain side in their broken urns of cloud, condemned ceaselessly to endeavour to fill the valley, at the bottom of which stands the broken chasm through which the waters of the Peneus carry the outpourings of the clouds into the sea.

Has Mr. Taylor never read the Suppliants of Æschylus or a still more familiar ode of Horace? We greatly desire to know how Phœbus Apollo came to fill the place of the fifty sons of Ægyptus, and moreover what became of Gods and men when he was so pitifully murdered on his wedding-night. How, again, came the Danaides to be translated from Argolis to the banks of Peneus? We do not know whether "Dan" is "water" or not, but he has certainly here carried out his prophetic character of a serpent in the way, having made Mr. Taylor to trip sadly.

Yet, for all this, there is much good stuff in Mr. Taylor's book. The idea is a good one, and it is, in many parts, well carried out. But it is only charity both to him and his readers to point out the blunders in detail which disfigure it. A little more care, and a little more turning to original authorities, might make something really good out of a second edition.

MR. TUPPER'S CITHARA.*

From the vext bowels of my soul
Lava currents roar and roll,
Bursting out in torrent wide
Through my crater's ragged side,
Rushing on from field to field,
Till all with boiling stone is sealed,
And my hot thoughts, in language pent,
Stand their own granite monument.

THE above terrible lines were the first that presented themselves to our view when we opened Mr. Tupper's new volume at random to see what sort of spiritual refreshment he had provided for his admirers. Without stopping to inquire why he does not make some attempt to control his hot thoughts, if they really have the blighting properties attributed to them, or whether it is not a little hard that a world which has purchased one hundred and nine editions of the *Proverbial Philosophy* should have its fields laid waste in order that he should erect a monument to himself, we accept the outburst as a declaration of his present condition, and a statement of his views respecting the mission of a popular poet. We have no objection whatever to consider Mr. Tupper in the light of a volcano. Indeed, it is from some such point of view that we are constrained to regard him. He can never be anything more to us than a curious instance of Nature's wilfulness, which we may be able partially to explain, but must always wonder at, and which is produced by forces and governed by laws altogether beyond our control, even in the slightest degree. In the case of any other poet, we might not unreasonably hope to reach one here and there among his readers, and possibly even to influence them to some small extent. But it would be just as reasonable to expect a review of Mount Vesuvius to protect the vineyards on the mountain side from an eruption as to dream of any remarks of ours on Mr. Tupper gaining access to the Tupperian world. It is not, therefore, exactly as a book or a contribution to literature that one of his productions is to be noticed, but rather as a phenomenon with which we have nothing to do, but which may be sufficiently interesting, from a scientific point of view, to make it worth our while to announce its re-appearance and describe its general aspect, just as Our Own Correspondent at Naples would do in the case of a new crater breaking out.

Although it cannot in any way affect us, it is pleasant to find that, in spite of his portentous premonitory rumblings, Mr. Tupper's present eruption is a very mild one. Submitted to careful analysis, his lava currents are found to resemble tepid tea far more than boiling stone, and, instead of rushing from field to field, they on the whole flow as placidly as the Regent's Canal. He tells us in another place that "it might be death his yearnings to control"; but, as nobody makes any attempt to control them, they go off in the gentlest puffs, without in the least hurting him or any one else. His description of the poet's power over nature and human nature is tremendous. Song is "a dart by a giant hurled," and it sweeps away all obstacles with "a torrent's strength." The poet is girt about with power as a king of men, and at his burning

* *Cithara*; a Selection from the Lyrics of Martin F. Tupper. London: Virtue & Co. 1863.

spell quakes the solid shore and with surging swell rises ocean's roar, till the people's will like a storm is heard, conjured by the skill of their poet's word. Let us be thankful that he contents himself with telling us what he can do, instead of doing it—that, instead of submerging continents and revolutionizing empires, he is satisfied

with a cheerful friend
Of beautiful Nature fond,
Across the fields our ways to wend,
And here the calm sweet hours to spend,
Fishing in Tangle Pond.

After what he has told us of his potency for good or evil, this declaration of his tastes is very reassuring. Samson in the lap of Delilah, Hercules at the feet of Omphale, an elephant picking up pins, Nasmyth's hammer cracking nuts—none of these suggests such a picture of strength consenting to be weak as Mr. Tupper peacefully perch-fishing beside a pond.

The trick is, however, an old one of his, if we remember rightly. Even before him, the ingenious Mr. Richardson employed something of the same sort, and it still obtains with caravans, wax-work shows, and exhibitions of that nature. It consists, in fact, of making large and loud declarations outside the booth about what is to be seen inside, and leaving all the rest to human simplicity. Outside, the giant is represented of magnificent proportions, and with guardsmen in full uniform in vain attempting to shake hands with him; and the mermaid is a charming young person with golden locks and a silvery green tail. The real giant inside proves to be a long rickety gentleman in a dressing-gown, and the "mermaid" a combination of a stuffed monkey and a Finnan-haddock. Thus it is with Mr. Tupper's performances. He describes the poet's mission and the poet's might in language that would almost terrify us did we not recognise the well-known voice and perceive the familiar features peeping out through the disguise. But when he comes to exercise that mission himself and to put out his might, all he does is to twaddle tamely about selfishness, cheerfulness, duty, self-reliance, and the like; the same, to use the words of our friend Mrs. Gump, not being expected from the outside picture, where he is painted quite contrary in a livin' state, a many sizes larger, and performing beautiful upon the arp.

We suppose it is with Mr. Tupper's readers as with the *habitués* of other displays of the marvellous. As long as there is any external resemblance between the thing offered and the thing given they are satisfied. They take the showman's word for it, and accept his verses as genuine giant's darts and "song-bursts of the soul" of the most superior quality. No doubt they are glad to get at any price anything at all resembling poetry that they can understand; for the poetry of the world and of the worldliness is a sore puzzle to these excellent people. What bewilders them especially is the way profane poets, such as Tennyson and Browning, have of writing dramatically. They can never quite separate the writer from what he writes. They have a hazy kind of notion that the sentiments expressed by St. Simeon Stylites are Mr. Tennyson's own, and that therefore the Laureate is deplorably dark as regards the doctrine of justification by faith; and as for Mr. Browning, he must be utterly given over to envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, or else how could he ever have written his "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister"? Mr. Tupper never mystifies them in this way. Be the subject what it may, he is always the same—always Tupper. Even when he attempts to translate a Pagan poet, he contrives by means of a few happy touches to make the result all his own. We have here a poem called "The Assurance of Horace," which the assurance of Mr. Tupper offers as a translation of "Exegi Monumentum," &c. He has achieved, he says, a tower of fame more durable than gold, that being the only metal gentle enough for admission into these pages. "Multaque pars mei vitabit Libitina" is rendered with a neatness that reminds one of the Catnachian school of poetry:—

The brighter part of me
Must live—and live—and never die,
But baffle Death's decree.

And Horace's modest claim, in reference to the *Æolium carmen*, is ingeniously twisted into a statement of Mr. Tupper's claim to be considered the first pious poet of his age and country:—

And chief and first I shall be sung,
Though lowly, great in might;
To tune my country's heart and tongue,
And tune them both aright.

It is perhaps in gratitude for a general perspicacity of idea, which saves the exertion of thinking, that Mr. Tupper's readers allow him to take the most astonishing liberties with their common-sense in minor matters. They accept some exceedingly tough things in the way of simile, imagery, and illustration with an entire trustfulness that is very beautiful to witness, and always seem ready to swallow the biggest bolus of a metaphor that he can administer to them without so much as winking. Like well-broken-in children, they never dream of inquiring into its nature or composition, but take it down without a murmur, firmly persuaded that, however made up, it is for their good. No one but a man sure of his audience would think of apostrophizing the Crystal Palace of 1851 as "Nature's fair consumptive bride," simply because it was going to be pulled down; or of talking of "Creation's stirrup cup" sweetening all the past; or of describing Silence as a "Chaos-brooding dove." By the way, the poem which contains this epithet suggests a method of obtaining an

answer to a question frequently asked. The bard addresses Silence as—

Mother of Fancy, friend and sister mine.

All inquiries, therefore, touching the breeding of Fancy should for the future be addressed to Mr. Tupper, who, in his capacity of uncle to Fancy, is the most likely person to know all about it. A poem on the pleasures of lying in bed in the morning has these lines:—

Rare is the happiness thus to be raptured
By your wild whispers, my Fanciful train,
And like a linnet, be carelessly captured
In the soft nets of my beautiful brain.

Admitting the Tupperism of "raptured" for "enraptured"—for it will not do to be particular here—this is all plain sailing as far as the end of the second line, but after that it involves the difficulty of conceiving Mr. Tupper in the shape of a linnet struggling in the meshes of his own brain. If that be too hard, all that is left to us is to consider happiness as undergoing the process of being raptured, and to wonder what that may mean. It is very perplexing.

But perhaps the sweetest thing in mysteries in the volume is the simile made use of to describe the astonishment felt by the world in general at the rupture between the Northern and Southern States of America. We are told that the world's countenance was—

Like Jezebel's face at her casement,
Strangely dismayed and perplex.

Of course, in a matter of this sort, Mr. Tupper is an authority whose opinion ought to have much weight with all anxious inquirers; but still we cannot see what Jezebel's face, on the occasion he refers to, has to do with the feelings he means to describe. All we are told is that "she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window." Does Mr. Tupper wish us to believe that it was dismay that was painted upon her face? Far be it from us to pry into the secrets of the Tupperian laboratory, but we cannot help thinking that this throws some little light upon the mysterious process by which he is enabled to turn out poem after poem and volume after volume as easily as if he had a contract for supplying Clapham with so much moral poetry per annum. The lines which follow the two we have quoted run thus:—

The world looks forth with amazement,
Marvelling what's to come next.

Now these are so very natural, simple, straightforward, and obvious, that it is impossible not to suspect that they were made first. In that case, "perplex" would naturally come in as a rhyme to "next," carrying out the idea of amazement. But about "amazement" itself there would be a difficulty, the only rhyme to it being "casement." That, therefore, must be got in by hook or crook, and so Jezebel's face is pressed into the service. We have no desire to institute any general comparison between the character of Mr. Pecksniff and that of Mr. Tupper, but in one particular it must be admitted that these two good men have a weakness in common. Mr. Pecksniff called his daughter a "playful warbler," not because she was at all vocal, but simply from a habit he had "of using any word that occurred to him as having a good sound, and rounding a sentence well, without much care for its meaning. And this he did so boldly, and in such an imposing manner, that he would sometimes stagger the wisest people with his eloquence, and make them gasp again." This is precisely what Mr. Tupper does. In that astounding production of his which he entitles "Our Greeting to the Princess Alexandra," and which he has the courage to reprint here, there occurs "a staggerer" of the very sort Mr. Pecksniff was fond of employing. Why does he address the Princess as "Thou most welcome Wander'r"? We do not believe he can show that any portion of Her Royal Highness's life has been devoted to geographical discovery, and certainly the journey from Copenhagen to Windsor, as performed in these days, cannot be cited as an instance of wandering. The fact is that, like the man in the *Arabian Nights* whose heart was rent in pieces by reason of his abstaining from mentioning the name of Allah, Mr. Tupper, as his ode drew to a close, found that he must speak of the Princess by name or die. It was one of those yearnings of his which it would have been death to control. It was no fault of his if the name was one *quod versus dicere non est*; though we think it would have been more respectful had he left it uncockneyfied, which he might easily have done by writing "Wandrah" instead of "Wander'r." The rhyme would have been more decent, and the sense just as good.

The samples we have given have been taken at haphazard, and no doubt we have left far brighter flowers uncultured. For, with every desire to do our duty to our readers, we consider there are limits in the way of labour beyond which we are not called upon to go; and to read every line in a fat volume of Tupperic poetry is a task which we submit ought not to be demanded of us. What we have read has reduced us to very much the same state as Mr. Tupper's Jezebel. At the same time, it has diminished our wonder at certain social phenomena of daily occurrence. None of the instances of extreme simplicity we meet with in the papers—tradesmen believing the story of a young nobleman who has half a bed at Islington while his house in Park Lane is being rebuilt—tailors accepting as an eligible customer a gentleman who goes with their shopman to an eating-house and makes him pay the bill—law students losing their money to Irish gentlemen who have wealthy relatives—nothing of this kind, not even the belief in spirit-rapping, table-turning, or planet-ruling,

seems to us more surprising than that a good number of reasonably well-educated and rational persons should go on, year after year, absorbing this kind of thing, and believing it to be, not merely the best, but the only real poetry of the age, merely because the author contrives to flavour it with "goodness."

THE BOOK OF DAYS.

THE extent and variety of matter comprised in Mr. Chambers's substantial volumes are such as to make it difficult to bring the book within the compass of any single category or definition of the ordinary kind. It embraces so many subjects, and brings to bear so many methods of research and stores of information, that it appears to claim a place in literature almost entirely to itself. It is, in fact, a matter of about equal ease or difficulty to define what it is or what it is not. If any one wished to get a distinct idea of the nature of the famous treatise *De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, we could hardly direct him to anything nearer resembling that comprehensive miscellany than this very *Book of Days*. Besides forming an almanac or calendar eclipsing all previous year-books in point of scale, it may be called a kind of encyclopædia, or magazine of useful information, upon the widest topics of popular interest. The editor's design, in entering upon his task, could not well have been more comprehensive, if not, it might be thought, pretentious:—

The *Book of Days* was designed to consist of—1. Matters connected with the Church Calendar, including the Popular Festivals, Saints' Days, and other Holidays, with illustrations of Christian Antiquities in general; 2. Phenomena connected with the Seasonal Changes; 3. Folk-Lore of the United Kingdom—namely, Popular Notions and Observances connected with Times and Seasons; 4. Notable Events, Biographies, and Anecdotes connected with the Days of the Year; 5. Articles of Popular Archaeology, of an entertaining character, tending to illustrate the progress of Civilization, Manners, Literature, and Ideas in these kingdoms; 6. Curious, Fugitive, and Inedited Pieces.

Now, however, that profession is at length merged in performance, and the work which first came out in a serial form stands complete in two handsome volumes, it will be thought no more than fair to the indefatigable compiler to say that he has kept faith with the public. No subscriber will probably be found to complain that he has not had his money's worth, and there will be few new readers who will not acknowledge that, as they finger the ample close-printed pages, something novel or striking catches the eye at every turn, or old and familiar topics are set in a new and fresher light. As a compendium of popular antiquities, it bears, in point of fulness, accuracy, and finish, the same ratio to such earlier manuals as those of Fosbroke, Hone, or Brand as the classic dictionaries of Dr. Smith bear to the *Adam, Crombie, or Leuprie* of a generation ago. Far from discouraging the "progressive spirit of the age"—a disclaimer which no one acquainted with the writer's antecedents will consider necessary—while "conversant chiefly with that of the past" the moral purpose of the book has been to "temper it with affectionate feelings towards what is poetical and elevated, honest and of good report, in the old national life," and to kindle and keep alive that spirit of patriotism which tends to national "unity, peace, and prosperity."

It would, of course, have been wholly out of keeping with the purpose of a work designed for popular reading, and intended to blend amusement with instruction, to affect too abstruse or technical a style, particularly in those portions which relate to matters of science. In the prefatory passages, for instance, which appropriately open the way by speaking of time and its divisions natural and artificial, the seasons, modes of computation, and so forth, there is sufficient precision to raise the book above the twaddle that is too often talked about these so-called mysteries, while escaping the pedantry which makes these things insufferable to the simple and the young. There is a capital history of different written and printed Almanacs, from that ascribed to Ptolemy and described by Delambre downwards. The rude old Clog Almanac, said to have come into England with our Danish invaders, is also described, and its quaint system of symbols made clear by the aid of an excellent woodcut. The most ancient almanac of which Lalande could find express mention were those of Solomon Jarchus, about the middle of the twelfth century. The Savilian library at Oxford has a MS. copy of the almanac of Petrus de Dacia, published about the year 1300, the writer being supposed to have been the *homo signorum*, "man of the signs," so common in later almanacs. From Oxford, the seat of British science during the middle ages—mixed as that science was with astrology, alchemy, and other branches of occult or mystical learning—emanated the standard almanacs, such as that of John Somers, written in 1380, and that of Nicholas de Lynna, published in 1386. The first almanac printed in Europe was probably the *Kalendarium Novum* of Regiomontanus, calculated for the three years 1475, 1494, and 1513, issued at Buda, and sold for ten crowns of gold. The earliest known to have been printed in England was the *Shepherd's Calendar*, translated from the French, and printed by Richard Pynson in 1497. The derivation of the word *Almanac* seems destined to remain a *crux* to etymologists. Mr. Chambers, however, is scarcely to be followed when he gives in his adhesion to Verstegan's circuitous mode of tracing the word to the stick carved with the lunar changes called by our Saxon forefathers *al-mon-acht*—to wit, "observation of the moons."

* *The Book of Days*. Edited by Robert Chambers. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. 1864.

To wander through month after month of the material accumulated here is like a visit to those seemingly interminable ranges where the vintages of a hundred different climes are stacked on either hand, inviting to the critical palate, pressed from grapes of divers hues, various in fragrance, body, and richness. We have only to tap one or other substantial tierce or hoghead at random in order to behold the generous wine of knowledge start forth. We turn, for instance, to the Ides of March. Here, of course, we are at once on classic ground. No one needs to be reminded of the tragical catastrophe which has ever since attached a sinister character to that ominous day on which the fortunes of the civilized world underwent a revolution. It might be thought almost superfluous in the present work to recount at length the prodigies and portents which vainly warned great Cæsar of his fall. But if every schoolboy knows, or is expected to know, these things, it is not everybody or even every well-read scholar who can pretend to have been equally crammed up in a score of additional matters which Mr. Chambers's industry has connected with those same twenty-four hours. It may not interest many, perhaps, not of the class of strict hagiologists, to learn that this day is sacred to the memories of "St. Abraham, Bishop of Mesopotamia, and St. Mary his niece, as well as to Zachary, Pope in the eighth century, and St. Lucretia, of Cordova, virgin and martyr in the year 859." Yet to some even among those experts in legendary and mediæval lore there may be something new in the history of Longinus—styled in early French Longinus, or Longis, and in old English Longena—one of the most popular personages of the *Golden Legend* and other repertoires of middle-age tradition. He was "the centurion who was converted by the signs that accompanied the Crucifixion, and the same individual, say some, with the soldier who with a spear pierced the dead Saviour's side." This man was "said to have been blind," though, to a Scotch mind nationally prone to "doot the facts," we are not surprised to find that "how a blind man came to be made a centurion is not quite clear." When ordered by Pontius Pilate to pierce the body, "the blood, according to the story, ran down into his eyes, and "miraculously restored his sight." But more historical times contribute their quota of interest to the account of these classic Ideas. On this day were born Jacques Barbeyrac, the famous jurist and moralist of Lausanne, and Andrew Jackson, the American General and President; and on the same day died, beside men of lesser mark, Dr. Theodore Mayerne, identified by some with the Dr. Caius of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and Cardinal Mezzofanti, the unequalled linguist, and Captain Sir Samuel Brown, the engineer of the Brighton chain-pier, all of whom come in for succinct biographical notices.

The death of Cæsar, introducing the question whether the dying words of the great emperor were Greek or Latin, leads naturally to a curious collection of the "last words" of illustrious men in general, some three score or more in number. There must have been no slight pains taken to string together these multifarious scraps of reading. Philosophers of an inductive turn might base upon such expressions as these something of a general law on the subject of the expiring action of the vital forces. To the editor himself they seem, indeed, to have suggested little beyond two obvious reflections—first, that they are "in many cases trivial, in some surprisingly so"; secondly, that there is usually a great "calmness and absence of strong sensation at the last moment." There is nothing to cause surprise in either circumstance. These are moments in which, of all others, men are least inclined to self-display, and least under the influence of those motives from which spring much of the deportment or the achievements that the jealous sense of mankind consents to recognise as exceptionally great or heroic. Yet there is enough even in these weaker or less studied efforts of the mind or will, in the majority of cases, to form an index of no slight truth to the deeper, because unconscious, characteristics of the man. The dying injunction of Socrates to Crito to pay their debt of a cock to Esculapius is a touch of nature as inseparable from our ideal image of the sage as that of Nelson, "Thank God I have done my duty," is from the memory of England's favourite hero. The celebrated "Remember" of Charles I. is more impressive, perhaps, from its implied mysteriousness than from any light it throws upon that monarch's character, though still in perfect keeping with the *sodæ* dignity of him who—

— nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene.

But there is a whole-length mental and moral portrait and life-long history in the last injunction of his easy-natured libertine son not to "let poor Nelly starve." So the ruling passion of studied *politesse* was strong in death when it prompted Chesterfield to spend his last breath in the order "Give Dayrolles a chair!" The summit of philosophic discipline of that pleasant kind, half-cynic, half-Sybarite, in which the genius of France added a fresh piquancy to that of Rome, was never attained with more perfect grace or ease than in the phrase of the sinking Fontenelle—"Je ne souffre pas, mes amis, mais je sens une certaine difficulté d'être;" whilst the embers of a warmer and more enthusiastic temperament are seen flashing with a burst of their earlier glow in the parting rapture of Gainsborough—"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." The doubt which hangs over the exact form of the last words of Pitt obscures, to some extent, the light which they might be taken to throw upon that statesman's unconscious habits of thought. But whether they were, "My country, oh! how I love"—or "Oh!

how I leave—my country!" they are of value as a momentary unstudied clue to the secrets of a heart which in its proud, shy isolation had never perhaps in a lifetime let out so much of its hidden warmth. Goethe's "More light" was not less a half-articulate utterance, under the shadow of death, of the aspirations of another highly-wrought soul, while the calm of a life-long discipline is seen in its permanent effect upon the spirit in the well-known farewell of Addison—"See with what ease a Christian can die," or in the affectionate calm of Scott's "God bless you all!" or in Mackintosh's quiet exclamation, "Happy!" An elevation of mind too much the result of mere constitution to be sneered at as artificial, conspicuous through the life and ministry of Irving, marked no less the last speech of that enthusiast—"If I die, I die unto the Lord, Amen." Nor is there wanting, by way of set-off, a grotesque kind of illustration of the hold retained by early nature over all exterior forces of habit or usage, even in face of all the solemnities of the hour, in the dying expletive of Thurlow, "I'm d——d if I don't believe I'm dying."

Suppose we turn to the 23rd of April, a day sacred on more than one account in the cycle of British commemorations. Mr. Chambers is not rash enough to arbitrate dogmatically between the conflicting theories as to the origin of the national devotion to St. George, but his summary of the opposite views of hagiologists upon the character and history of England's patron saint is all that could be looked for in a popular statement. This is one of the class of minor historic doubts which seems least likely to be ever satisfactorily disposed of. Between the disparaging estimate of Gibbon and the more flattering one of Alban Butler it is next to impossible to strike the balance. The fairest course with the reader, as here adopted, doubtless is to state what few facts rest upon actual testimony. Whether we elect to pin our belief upon the fraudulent contractor of Cappadocia, with his loose semi-Arian tendencies, or upon the orthodox champion of the Romish martyrology, we can get no further than the few plain details which the *Book of Days* places to the credit of the saint. The oddest thing about both these rival hypotheses is that neither of them can be said to affect appreciably the real point of interest—why, that is, St. George ever came to be the special patron of Englishmen at all. The view of Butler and the Bollandists, in other respects the weakest of the two, gives, at all events, the go-by to the notion that the special *cultus* of the saint arose out of his favour to the national arms during the Crusades. In vain is it urged that St. George first fought for the host of Godfrey at Antioch, or presaged to Cœur de Lion the victory of Acre, when it is known that even, before the Conquest, his name had its place in Saxon martyrologies. The true key to this difficulty is to be sought, we are persuaded, through a closer study of the relations between the early British Church and the Greek communions in the East—a subject strangely neglected by our ecclesiastical historians. The frequent recurrence of Greek names in the lists of our first saints and ecclesiastics, and the strong leaning of the early Church in Britain towards the doctrine and discipline of the East—as witnessed by the Arian leaven suspected in her theology, her bias in the paschal controversy, and the fierce anti-Roman spirit denounced by the emissaries of the Popes—are among those facts which link the early annals of this country far more with Oriental than with Latin Christianity. The name of St. George forms a text for some curious particulars upon dragon worship, and the legendary lore connected with those singular monsters in the mythology of the middle ages. In many instances, there is no doubt that the ravages of floods have been "emblemized as the malevolent deeds of dragons":—

In the seventh century, St. Romanus is said to have delivered the city of Rouen from one of those monsters. The feat was accomplished in this very simple manner. On Ascension day, Romanus, taking a condemned criminal out of prison, ordered him to go and fetch the dragon. The criminal obeyed, and the dragon following him into the city, walked into a blazing fire that had previously been prepared, and was burned to death. To commemorate the event, King Dagobert gave the clergy of Rouen the annual privilege of pardoning a condemned criminal on Ascension day; a right exercised with many ceremonies, till the period of the first Revolution. This dragon, named Gargouille (a water-spout), lived in the river Seine; and as Romanus is said to have constructed embankments to defend Rouen from the overflowing of that river, the story seems to explain itself. The legends of Tarasque, the dragon of the Rhone, destroyed by St. Martha, and the dragon of the Garonne, killed by St. Martial at Bordeaux, admit of a similar explanation. The winding rivers resembling the convolutions of a serpent, are frequently found to take the name of that animal in common language, as well as in poetical metaphor. The river Draco, in Bithynia, is so called from its numerous windings, and in Italy and Germany there are rivers deriving their names from the same cause. In Switzerland the word *drach* has been frequently given to impetuous mountain torrents, which, suddenly breaking out, descend like avalanches on the lower country. Thus we can easily account for such local names as *Drachensloch*, the dragon's hole; *Drachenreid*, the dragon's march; and the legends of Struth, of Winkelreid, and other Swiss dragon-slayers.

In the face of all the vapoury trash which is just now being spouted with more than usual vehemence about the memory of Shakespeare, it is refreshing to find the scanty facts of the poet's history which are really ascertained condensed as they are here by the strong sense and in the clear style of Mr. Chambers. As regards the day of Shakespeare's birth, which we are bidden by our sanguine Tercentenarians to keep as one of the fixities of the coming celebration, what proof is there of the bard having been born in the month of April at all? That the 23rd, at least, was not the day of his birth is all but certain. Such was not the understanding of those relatives or friends under whose care his tomb was erected, and who may fairly be supposed to have had the best knowledge upon the subject. From the terms of the Stratford

inscription—*Obiit ano. doi. 1616, ætatis 53, die 23 Apr.*—it is clear they never conceived his birth to have fallen upon the same day of the month as that of his death, he having gone at the time of the record some way at all events into his fifty-third year, instead of having exactly completed the exact annual cycle. The 23rd of April having been also usually given as the date of the death of Cervantes, not a little of puerile, half-mystical sentiment has been vented upon the supposed extinction of two such mighty luminaries of the firmament of genius on one and the same day. To the shrewd Scotch sense of the editor seems to be due the credit of having, for the first time, exploded this fallacy:—

It has not heretofore been pointed out that, if Shakspeare died on the day reckoned the 23rd of April in England, and Cervantes on that reckoned the 23rd of April in Spain, these two great, and in some measure kindred geniuses, necessarily did not die on the same day. Spain had adopted the Gregorian calendar on its first promulgation in 1582, and consequently the 23rd day of April in Spain corresponded with the 13th in England; there being at that time ten days' difference between the new and old style.

It is not more possible by means of any number of single extracts to convey an adequate idea of the multifarious topics which make up these pregnant volumes, than it is to estimate the number of days and months which must have gone towards their compilation. Such a work is of course not one to be written off-hand in methodical and consecutive order, from the first page to the last, but one which must have grown by the gradual accumulation of daily jottings during a lifetime of the widest literary toil. It is, in fact, a common-place book on the most comprehensive scale—a store-house of popular learning, in which the several articles of heterogeneous shape and hue are hung each upon its own chronological peg. By the help of a copious index, it is made no less easy to lay the hand at once upon any detached piece of information wished for. It may thus be useful as a book of general reference, no less than as a running comment upon the principal events of the year. Its style, clear and condensed, while never prosy or pedantic, is fitted to make it an attractive vehicle for conveying information to the young. Half an hour could hardly be better spent in any schoolroom, or in any well-regulated family of young people, after the Psalms and Lessons have been duly gone through, than in getting up a chapter of the *Book of Days*.

A RESIDENCE IN RUSSIAN POLAND IN 1863.*

IN the autumn of last year, three English travellers who happened to stop at Grodno, on their way to Wilna, were informed that a countryman of theirs, a clergyman named Anderson, had lately been arrested, and was still detained in one of the prisons of the city. They immediately applied for permission to see him, first to the police authorities and then to the Governor. The superior Russian officials are almost always courteous to foreign visitors, and the Englishmen were civilly received, although their request was flatly refused. They were told that the prisoner was charged, on the testimony of several witnesses, with having delivered speeches and supplied arms to insurgents, and that he must await his trial in company with his companions in crime. They retired, baffled for the moment, but none the less determined to carry their point. And doubtless it must have been a great satisfaction to them to find that an opportunity had at length presented itself of doing an actual service to a victim of Russian oppression. To every one who visited Poland last year it was most painful to listen to an unceasing tale of wrong, and to feel powerless to render assistance—everywhere to hear stories of wanton cruelty and dastardly outrage, of sorrows heaped upon once happy families, of ruin brought upon old historic houses—to feel his heart grow hot within him, but to know that his indignation and sympathy must be utterly fruitless. The knowledge that so much misery existed which he could not alleviate cast a gloom over every prospect, and produced an indefinite sensation of uneasiness which disturbed the traveller's thoughts by day and haunted his dreams by night. It seemed to be unfeeling to intrude, from motives of curiosity, upon a nation in its hour of distress and humiliation; and yet it was difficult to find any other excuse for a mere tourist's presence, for, strong as might be his desire to render himself useful to those with whom he sympathized, still stronger was his consciousness of inability to give the slightest aid. He might have flattered himself at first that it was possible for him to forward the cause of liberty by exposing the conduct of its enemies, but he must soon have been convinced that the Russians were not likely to be rendered less harsh or less powerful by the "moral influence" which European indignation had been fondly expected to wield, being perfectly insensible to immaterial arguments, and proof against all merely verbal attacks.

But the case of an unjustly imprisoned countryman was one which afforded scope for action, and so vigorously did the travellers work that two days after their arrival his release was obtained. Had it not been for their chance visit, Mr. Anderson might have lingered on for months in captivity at Grodno, or have been transferred to some fortress in the distant wilds of Russia, where he would have had but little chance of telling a story which throws considerable light upon the subject of Mouravieff's rule in Lithuania, and offers a striking contrast to some recent accounts of

* *Seven Months' Residence in Russian Poland in 1863.* By the Rev. Fortescue L. M. Anderson, B.A. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

prison life at Wilna. In that city, thanks to the kindness and the ability of Colonel Lebedeff, the prisons appear, from Mr. Grant Duff's report, to be creditably managed; but at Grodno, and most probably in all the other towns, they are allowed to remain in a state which is a disgrace to the Russian Government. It seldom happens that a traveller is permitted to enter within their walls, and even if he is favoured with a view of some of their cells, he is never free from a suspicion that they may have been swept and garnished in his honour, unless, like Mr. Anderson, he becomes their involuntary inmate. Such a witness, therefore, as that gentleman is of great importance in enabling us to set a fair value upon Russian pretensions to humanity and justice.

There was not the shadow of an excuse for the way in which he was treated. He had not made excursions to insurgent camps, nor had he ridden under fire by the side of insurgent chiefs, as some of our adventurous countrymen had done. He had simply paid a friendly visit to the country-house of a Polish gentleman who had been his pupil at Bonn, and then accompanied him during a stay of a few days at Grodno. On the 7th of September, he and his friend, Count Bisping, were leaving the city, when their carriage was stopped at the barrier, and they were ordered into the police-office. Their luggage was examined, and they were obliged to undress and submit to a close personal search, after which they were conveyed to the prison. There a second search took place; their money, watches, knives, and all that they had in their pockets were taken from them, and they were then locked up in separate cells. That in which Mr. Anderson was confined was dismal and filthy in the extreme. The floor appeared not to have been washed or swept for months, and the single window was blocked up partly with brick and partly with boards. Only through a few cracks in these boards could a glimpse of the outer world be obtained. Worst of all was the noisome stench which pervaded the air, the perceptible cause of which Mr. Anderson attempted by means of signs to induce the turnkey to remove, but in vain, for the stolid Cossack "shook his head, as much as to say it was no business of his, and walked away." At the end of a couple of hours, another Cossack appeared, bearing a supper consisting of "a lump of coarse black bread, and a bowl of thin and very greasy gruel, which gave forth a most unsavoury odour." This Mr. Anderson was unable to touch, but in the course of the evening he received a present of apples and pears, which had been sent by Count Bisping's friends in the city:—

But for this welcome fruit [he says] I believe I should have passed a most distressing night. Some of it I thankfully applied to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and some I held up to my nose, that, by help of the delicious fragrance of the fruit, I might counteract in some degree the abominable stench which spread throughout the cell. The nuisance to which I have referred was not my only annoyance. On turning to my bed, my sensitive sense of smell detected the presence of horrible vermin; and, as I was unable to ascertain the state of the sheets, I would not venture to undress.

So he rolled himself up in a railway-wrapper and tried to sleep. His efforts were not very successful, for, in addition to other disturbing causes, a prisoner in an adjoining cell moaned and yelled all night long. At about four o'clock the first streaks of dawn began to be discerned through the crevices of the boarded window, and the sound was heard of the sentries relieving guard:—

At seven o'clock the Cossack turnkey arrived, and made signs to me to follow him into the yard. I again asked him to remove the nuisance which he had refused to touch the night before; but he still shook his head. I then took it myself, and, as he appeared not to object, I hurried after him, and threw the whole concern out from a window in the passage. In doing this I became actually sick, to the great amusement of the turnkey and sentry.

In the course of the morning he was brought before a Board of Commissioners, consisting of the Governor of the prison and four officers, three of whom belonged to the Imperial Guard. A Polish Jew, who knew a little English, was provided as an interpreter, and Mr. Anderson's examination commenced. He was told that persons who had lately returned from an insurgent camp charged him with having visited the rebels, and supplied them "with cannons, muskets, swords, revolvers, cloth, and money." An air-cane which had been found in his box, and some scythe-blades which had been discovered at Count Bisping's farm, were produced as evidence against him; and his letters and other papers were carefully examined, on the chance of their containing treasonable matter. Nothing of the kind, however, could be detected, and after some time he was told that he might return to his cell. He requested permission to telegraph, or at least to write, to the English Ambassador at St. Petersburg and the Consul at Warsaw, but the reply was, "No communication can be allowed with any one outside the prison. You must neither write nor telegraph anywhere." The rest of the day passed slowly away, followed by a second sleepless night, and the next morning Mr. Anderson was again summoned before the Commissioners. This time they granted the request which they had refused the day before, and he was allowed to write to Lord Napier and to Colonel Staunton. He also obtained leave to walk for a little time in the prison yard. On the following morning he was transferred to the residence of the *chef de police*, and on his way thither he was taken to the house of the Governor of Grodno, to whom, he says—

I expressed my surprise at having been treated for some days as a criminal, although I was entirely guiltless of the charges imputed to me. He said something in reply about the necessity of exercising precaution; and then, evidently desirous to change the subject of conversation, he said, abruptly, "There are three Englishmen in Grodno." "Arrested or free?" was the question which I asked, in answer to his remark. "I am not at liberty to tell

you," replied the Governor. He then took up a Russian Order-book, and read out to me the names of the three Englishmen. They sounded to me like "Klack," "Beyecks," and "Duyenow." The last of these sounded to me so much like "do you know?" that, forgetting at the moment the Governor's ignorance of English, I answered in English, "No, I don't know them."

The next day, however, he was able to make their acquaintance, for he was released from arrest and allowed to join them at their hotel. "Two of these gentlemen were members of the University of Cambridge—the Rev. W. G. Clark, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College and Public Orator, and Mr. W. Lloyd Birkbeck, Fellow of Downing College; the third, a member of Balliol College, Oxford," is not mentioned by name, but we may state, without fear of compromising him, that he is a writer to whom many readers are indebted for their knowledge of what has been taking place in Poland since the insurrection broke out. The interest of Mr. Anderson's story terminates with his arrest. He was detained in Grodno until the end of the month, when he was allowed to depart in company with a Cossack who was sent to keep guard over him as far as the frontier. On his return home, he felt it his duty to lay his case before Earl Russell, but he does not appear to have found much sympathy at the Foreign Office.

During his stay at Count Bisping's country-house Mr. Anderson enjoyed excellent opportunities of becoming acquainted with the character and the condition of the Lithuanian peasants. His opinion of them is far from favourable. He seldom saw "a single man whose countenance betokened an open-hearted and cheerful nature. On the contrary, most of them had a skulking and hang-dog look." Ignorant, dirty, drunken, they formed an uninteresting class, but one of which the proprietors stood in no small awe, for the Russians gave every encouragement to any discontented labourer who felt inclined to inform against his master. Of the upper classes in general Mr. Anderson speaks very highly, as all must do who have seen anything of that generous, high-minded, and warm-hearted race which the Russian authorities are now doing their utmost to exterminate. A middle class, unfortunately for Poland, does not exist out of the towns. In the country, there is nothing between the chateau and the cottage—the one the home of courteous and accomplished men and refined and cultivated women, the other the lair of male and female beings wallowing in filth, steeped in ignorance, and destitute of any aspiration towards a higher state than that in which they exist. The system adopted by the present rulers of the country is not calculated to improve the condition of the peasants, but it is effective in ruining the fortunes of the landowners, whose properties are confiscated on the slightest pretence, and who are imprisoned or banished by the sentence of a Court which sits in secret, and from which there is no appeal. Mr. Anderson mentions several cases in which perfectly innocent men, with whom he was personally acquainted, were suddenly dragged away from their families and condemned unheard. One of these was a nobleman who had long held a high official position, and was supposed to enjoy the confidence of the Imperial Court. Far from being implicated in the insurrection, he had done all he could to prevent its outbreak, and had then retired from public life. On the 5th of June he was arrested and thrown into prison at Wilna, and at the end of September he was still lying in his dungeon, ignorant of the charge upon which he had been brought there. His wife received permission to pay him a single visit, but could scarcely recognise him:—

The hale and strong man had become a miserable skeleton, and his dark hair had grown quite white. His dungeon was without a window; and thus, in darkness and in solitude, this noble-hearted man was left slowly to die. "Why am I brought here?" was the question he addressed to his wretched wife. "Who are my accusers? When may I meet them face to face?" She could only answer him with her tears. She knew nothing; she could not even guess anything.

A second case was that of a gentleman who was decidedly opposed to the insurrection, and whose sole offence was that of having called the attention of the Russian Government to the conduct of a body of Cossacks in his neighbourhood. He was immediately arrested, and charged with having threatened the life of a Russian priest. In vain did he attempt to prove his innocence, explaining that the words on which the accusation rested had been spoken to a priest who was one of his friends, with the intention of putting him on his guard against a possible danger from the insurgents. When Mr. Anderson saw him in the prison at Grodno he was still in suspense as to his fate, but "he was prepared to hear that his sentence would be hard labour for the rest of his days in the mines of Siberia;" and it appeared afterwards, from the report of "his broken-hearted wife, who had come to Grodno to see him for the last time on earth, that this grievous sentence was, in all its unmitigated rigour, at length inflicted upon him." It was by acts of cruelty and injustice like these that the Russians kept alive the fire of indignation which burst forth in the present insurrection. Such rulers as the Grand Duke Constantine have attempted to gain the confidence of the Poles by a different method of treatment, but distrust and hatred of Russia have taken too firm a hold of the national mind to be dislodged by even genuine kindness and sincere goodwill. From the time when he entered Warsaw full of hope, to the time when he left it in weariness and disappointment, his rule was a failure, and on his departure the power reverted to the men who relied upon brute force. But their efforts also have hitherto proved unsuccessful. The insurrection is still kept alive, put down in one place but immediately breaking out in another, wearing out the soldiers with incessant fatigues, and their commanders with endless anxiety,

sovereignly taxing the military resources of Russia, and burdening her finances with a crushing weight of debt. But it is not probable that the struggle between two such unequal antagonists can be of very long duration; and, in the absence of foreign assistance, it is to be feared that the Poles must at no distant day yield to their fate. It will be indeed a hard one if they are then left to the tender mercies of such men as those whose acquaintance Mr. Anderson so unwillingly made at Grodno.

STUDIES FROM THE ANTIQUE AND SKETCHES FROM NATURE.*

AN antithetic title is, like a little learning, a dangerous thing. A pretty poem written upon a definite subject is equally well worth reading whether it be classified among the products of some special faculty or energy of the mind, or whether it bear no heading at all. Except for the convenience of analytical criticism, there does not seem to be any strong reason for sorting the versified expression of various poetical feelings and tying it up in several ticketed bundles. If the ordinary reader cannot find out for himself that an imaginative poem is more or less a poem of the imagination, or that a fanciful poem may not improperly be called a poem of the fancy, he will be neither the better nor the worse for being told so in express words. But if the poets of the nineteenth century will insist upon labelling the drawers out of which the ingredients of their compositions are taken, as if the poetical draught was to be made up from a prescription in a druggist's shop, they tempt inquiry as to the accuracy of the labels. The readers of *Studies from the Antique and Sketches from Nature* are almost compelled to ask themselves how deeply or sincerely the author has studied from the antique, and how true are his renderings of nature. Names like "Egeria," "The Salamandrine," "A Man's Heart," "Under Green Leaves," &c., which appear in the title-page of the present volume as the most prominent of the same writer's earlier poetical productions, have at any rate the merit of not particularizing the standard of measurement to which the poems they represent are bound to conform. If it was requisite to advertise on the face of the book the width of topics through which Mr. Charles Mackay's fancy has been ranging since his last publication, from "The Eumenides" to "The Dirty Little Snob" inclusive, this might perhaps have been accomplished without committing him to the assertion that he had been sketching from nature and studying from the antique. There is a kind of bubble-and-squeak nomenclature capable of adaptation to literary productions to which such titles as "Olla Podrida" and "Gaspacho" belong; and there surely must still be left some analogous phrase, hitherto unused upon the title-page of a mixed poetical volume, with which the writer of these lyrical and idyllic utterances should have been welcome to make free.

Subjects of classical fable may be treated in two ways. They may be drawn out in strict and clear outline, with every redundancy of modern thought and every modern complication of language and metaphor carefully pruned away, in which case they may fairly be called studies from the antique; or they may be used as mere pegs upon which to hang a wreath of modern poetical fancy or feeling. Mr. Tennyson's "Enone" may fairly be cited as an exquisite example of the first method; Mrs. Barrett Browning's beautiful little poem of "Pan making his Pipe out of the Reeds" as an equally exquisite example of the second. The classical scholarship and taste which Mrs. Browning possessed in a very remarkable degree were not needed to express the subtle modern fancy, that the poet is made by the suffering which draws out his heart-strings till he can never again relish the ordinary enjoyments of average humanity, as the cut reeds with the pith drawn out of them can never grow again with the reeds in the river. But without the accuracy and feeling of a scholar, Mr. Tennyson could never have written "Enone." And without the creative power of genius, neither "Enone" nor "Pan" would have been worth writing or reading. Mr. Mackay's so-called *Studies from the Antique* do not evince either profound scholarship or any intuitive conception of the clearness and beauty of a genuine classical legend, and they are not redeemed from the charge of nothingness by the modern touches of anything like genius. With perhaps a few exceptions, they do not rise above the dead level of thought and expression which may easily be reached by any tolerably clever sixth-form boy at a public school, whose routine duty it is to make so many verses a week. And they betray an ignorance of the laws of Zeus and Lemprière for which a sixth-form boy would certainly receive exemplary punishment. There used, indeed, to be in vogue a public-school formula that all islands were in the Ægean, all mountains in Thrace, all countries in Asia Minor, and so on; and although in various cases a stricter inquiry after individual localities was found in fact to contradict the general rule, the probabilities that the formula would work rightly were quite numerous enough to justify its use among pupils naturally anxious to hide ignorance or indolence from a too curious master. But it would have been as pardonable in a decently educated schoolboy to look for Waterloo in the map of Spain as it is for Mr. Charles Mackay to lay the scene of the legend of Marsyas in Arcadia, and to make the Arcadian populace gather "from the flowery banks of blue Meander" (sic) to listen to the contest between Marsyas and Apollo. And to place the miracles of turning Midas's food into gold and his human ears into asses' ears to the credit of Silenus is as if a clergyman in the pulpit should talk of the cure

wrought by Gehazi upon Naaman the Syrian. We do not mean to assert that a modern author has no right to transmute an ancient legend. But the limits within which such a right may be exercised are fixed by the character and probabilities of the whole legendary cycle in which the particular myth appears. The practical jokes which a malicious divinity perpetrated upon Midas are most inappropriately attributed to Silenus, who was not a god, but a mere burlesque attendant on a god, and never dignified as a thaumaturgic monster. It is, we believe, usual for students in art to get some knowledge of outline, and of light and shade, by copying models of toes and fingers, spherical balls, and so forth, before drawing from true life. It might have been as well for the author of this volume, before publishing *Studies from the Antique*, to have tried his hand upon studies from Arrowsmith's *Ancient Atlas*, or themes from Dr. Smith's classical Dictionaries.

We should be glad to be able fairly to forget the shortcomings of *Studies from the Antique* in the truth and sweetness of *Sketches from Nature*. But unhappily we cannot. Nature appears to be as barren of sketchable objects as Midas's gold was of nutriment, and the fluidity of expression with which those subjects are developed into poems might have sufficed to roll the blue Meander across the Ægean sea into the midst of the Arcadian pastures. Sketches from nature, of course, include various ghostly gleams, after the manner of Rembrandt, of London life with all its social anomalies and evils, under the title "Heartsore in Babylon." When Solomon Eagle went naked about the streets of the plague-stricken city denouncing its iniquities and proclaiming its woe, his ravings were not destitute of sublimity. Mr. Mackay's remarks on analogous topics contain no evidence of "that fine madness" to which poets are entitled. If they have any sublimity, it is the sublimity of commonplace. A well-intentioned assault upon the prevalent vices of slang and snobishness could hardly have been made in weaker verse than is to be found in the poem of "The Dirty Little Snob," which we quote as a specimen:—

"There's nothing right but what I think,
There's nothing good but meat and drink,
There's nothing to compare with 'chink,'"
Said the dirty little snob.
"And work's the greatest 'bore' I know,
And learning's dull, and virtue 'slow,'
So, fast shall be the road I'll go!"
Said the dirty little snob:
Devoid of sense,
An ass intense,
And dirty little Snob.
"I'd like to know the use of friends,
Unless they serve one's pleasant ends;
The best is he who gives or lends,"
Said the dirty little snob.
"Your learned men are 'heavy swells,'
Your moral youths tremendous 'sells,'
And slang's the only speech that 'tells,'"
Said the dirty little snob:
The simpering slave,
The brainless knave,
And dirty little Snob.
"However chaste and pure she be,
And bright and beautiful to see,
No woman can say 'No' to me,"
Said the dirty little snob.
Is there no husband, son, or sire,
To drag this creature through the mire,
And kick it till his toes shall tire,—
The dirty little snob? —
The foul and crass
Conceited ass—
And odious little Snob?

If a member of the aristocracy gets into a quarrel with a cabman, he may either keep a dignified silence or he may condescend to try and "chaff" the cabman's head off. But if his "chaff" is not vigorous and voluble vernacular, he will soon be reduced to an undignified silence. Diluted and pointless abuse is a futile weapon alike against honest vulgarity and against the more pretending dirty little snob. Mr. Mackay does not show that he has studied very deeply in the schools either of ancient Roman or modern English sarcasm in this attempt to crush the snob by a Sketch from Nature. The weakness of satire could no further go. We are not surprised to find upon the next page of the volume a valedictory address to the poet's own worn-out pen:—

Old stump, outworn
By toil severe,
Frail and forlorn,
Why linger here?
Thy fight is fought,
Thy victory's won,
Thy work is wrought,
Thy day is done.

And so the quill plucked from an eagle's wing, which wrote down the snob, may be consigned to the dust-heap and to ungrateful oblivion. For, says the poet,—

Men understand
A plough or wheel,
A draper's wand,
A sail or keel;

and preserve them in consequence as hallowed relics when they are worn-out and rotten:—

But pens are things
Which high and great
And popes and kings

(and among the meaner sort, no doubt, "all that chorus of indolent

* *Studies from the Antique and Sketches from Nature.* By Charles Mackay. London: Virtue Brothers & Co. 1864.

reviewers" which has recently been criticized in Catullian metre) —

Agree to hate:
And which the crowd,
Earth born, earth bowed,
Can scarcely know
For constant load of toil and woe.

We have no wish to quarrel with the poet's hope that the sacred stump may rise again from the rubbish-heap in due time for the honours of a centenary:—

But yet, may be,
A century hence,
Men, who can see
With keener sense,
May chance to dig
Thy relics cold;
And looking big,
May cry "Behold!
The pen of Might!
That loved the Right!"

If the men of 1964 arrive at a keener appreciation of Mr. Mackay's poetical merits than ourselves, they are perfectly welcome to look as big as they please over the recovered cold relics of the instrument which has copied antiquity and sketched from nature, and to cry aloud, as long as they like, "Behold the pen of Might that vituperated the foul and crass little snob of a hundred years ago, and loved the Right of magnanimously kicking him downstairs!" If they look as big as the men of keener sense of this generation are just now endeavouring to look over the commemoration of Shakspeare, they will do us neither good nor harm. Nor, for that matter, does Mr. Mackay seem to expect that they will do him much good either. He winds up after all, with a neat stroke of fine contempt for the nothingness of posthumous fame:—

This thy reward!
Rot! poor old pen! Die! hapless bard!

By all means let the poor old pen rot. But we respectfully trust that the hapless bard may live without it long and happily.

FRANCE BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.*

THOUGH two generations at least have passed away since the French Revolution, it may be doubted whether an impartial history of that great convulsion has yet been written. The bias of party spirit and the influence of personal sympathies may be generally traced in the best as well as in the most popular historians. We are in turn compelled to distrust the uncompromising Republicanism of M. Louis Blanc and the Imperialist advocacy of the brilliant but inaccurate Thiers; and we are often forced to follow with hesitation the fierce indignation of Mr. Carlyle, or the prolix insipidity of the sonorous Sir Archibald Alison. But whatever errors may have been committed by English writers, they are scarcely so heinous as the deliberate attempts that have been made on the other side of the Channel to falsify French history. It was the avowed intention of the Bonapartist writers to represent everything anterior to the Consulate as an epoch of confusion and crime, that was at once put an end to by the potent spell of the genius of the First Consul. Whatever had been done by others was studiously ignored, and superfluous obloquy was heaped upon the Bourbons, and on the system which had been swept away. On the other hand, the Royalist writers had their turn at the Restoration, and were certainly not deficient in vituperative energy. The controversy is not yet closed. Indeed, we may expect that it will survive as long as there are partisans of rival dynasties, and a Republican party which holds both in equal detestation.

The latest contribution on the Royalist side is from the pen of M. de Laverne. It is an attempt to show what great and sincere efforts were made by Louis XVI. and his Ministers to introduce changes in the administration of France which would have provided in great measure remedies for existing evils, and which, if fate had so willed it, might have conjured away the impending tempest. The view of M. Laverne is that, during the fifteen years that elapsed from the accession of Louis XVI. to August 1789, more genuine progress was effected than in the twenty-five years between 1789 and 1815. In order to illustrate this opinion, he has selected the history of the Provincial Assemblies, and from the success which attended their labours he argues that, with a moderate amount of forbearance and good sense, France might have been in possession of all the advantages which she now enjoys as well as of others for which she has still to wait. At first sight this appears to be a somewhat paradoxical theory, and difficult to reconcile with historical evidence. The mere fact of the French Revolution is the strongest conceivable condemnation of the Government and the society which existed. It cannot be explained as the result only of a certain number of blunders that might have been avoided, or as an outbreak of unjustifiable popular fury. It is not in human nature to break loose from time-honoured traditions, to destroy a great monarchy identified with the history of a great country, and to overthrow the whole social edifice, without a deep conviction of intolerable wrong. Nations are habitually long-suffering and slow to move. Usage and prescription reconcile great masses of mankind to the patient endurance of much that is condemned alike by reason

and feeling. Other interests likewise operate to augment the natural inertness of political communities, and to defer as long as possible a last appeal to force. The influence of property and, generally speaking, the influence of intelligence, are both opposed to civil war. It is only when every attempt to obtain redress has failed, when every compromise has been exhausted, that men reach that stage of despair at which anything is believed to be preferable to the endurance of wrong. That such a crisis arrived in the consciousness of the French nation can hardly be disputed. The time for argument and discussion came, and passed away; temporary expedients and palliative measures could not satisfy a people clamouring for freedom and hungering for bread. It is easy to blame the folly and ferocity of the revolutionary leaders, or to trace the poisonous influence of the Encyclopedists and Voltaire on the mind of France, but the fact still remains, that for centuries the French nation had endured the worst of governments. At length they became conscious of it, and, not without long deliberation, preferred insurrection to organized anarchy.

At the same time, it is not to be contravened that during the unhappy fifteen years that preceded 1789, there were considerable efforts made to redress grievances and to remould the institutions of monarchical France. It may well be that sufficient credit has not been given to those who were honestly and under great difficulties endeavouring to carry out reform without revolution. In every rank of life there were men who looked upon the reign of Louis XVI. as an era of hope. The clergy, the noblesse, the educated middle classes, supplied in ample numbers representatives of the principles of liberty and toleration. It is, indeed, somewhat remarkable that the most ardent advocates of popular rights, and the most determined champions of what have since been called the principles of 1789, were to be found amongst the more enlightened members of the classes which had up to that time enjoyed a monopoly of political power and social influence. But in their views and opinions they were immeasurably in advance of the classes to which they belonged, and the fact of their being connected with privileged orders in the State made it nearly impossible for them to gain the confidence of the popular party. When they used bold language they were distrusted by their own friends, and it was assumed that they were attempting to gain power by the advocacy of popular opinions; if they were moderate and sought to carry out gradual reforms, they were at once accused of reaction and conspiracy. Nor should it be forgotten that the enlightenment which the disciples of the new philosophy laid claim to had been gathered from the writers of the eighteenth century, and not from the experience of political life. Many of the most ardent reformers were mere theorists, with a fanatical belief in abstract principles, combined with absolute ignorance of mankind. Even under the most favourable circumstances of peace and plenty, it is doubtful whether they could have passed through so great a crisis without bloodshed and anarchy. Turgot and Neckar, both of them men of rare ability, proved as unable as Maurepas, Calonne, and Brienne to combat the difficulties which beset them. The Government of Louis XVI. was never strong enough to redeem the follies and crimes of Louis XV. and the Regency. For its failure it is not altogether responsible. It was defeated partly by circumstances, and partly by the steady opposition of the nobles, the clergy, and the Parliaments.

M. de Laverne, in his Royalist enthusiasm, lays great stress upon the personal character of Louis XVI., and his conscientious efforts to promote the happiness of his people. It will readily be conceded that he contrasted most favourably with his immediate predecessor, and, if not so great a king, was a much more respectable man than Louis XIV. But he did not possess ability to govern. A narrow understanding rendered fruitless his excellent intentions, and an inherent weakness of character, that was often mistaken for treachery, made it impossible for him to deserve or to secure the confidence of those about him. But though we cannot follow M. de Laverne in his view of the King and his advisers, we shall not dispute that there was much in France that was good and great, not, however, in consequence of good government, but in spite of the very worst of governments. There was no lack of men of splendid abilities in every career of life. The men who fought the battles of revolutionary France had been trained in the royal armies; the greatest names in science and in political philosophy—the lawyers who framed the Code Civil—all belong to the monarchy. We may also admit that among the *tiers état* there was a vast amount of ability and intelligence which only required opportunity to take a most useful part in the business of the country. But this only goes to show that gross political corruption and misgovernment cannot absolutely check the intellectual development of a civilized and vigorous race. It certainly cannot fairly be adduced as evidence in favour of a system and a Court of which we know so much as we do of the reign of Louis XVI. M. de Laverne even goes further, and suggests that the general cultivation of the French people was then at a higher point than was attained till after 1815. If this were true, the problem of the French Revolution would simply be insoluble. If political progress was being achieved by reasonable steps, if public improvements were being carried out, if individual and general cultivation was being steadily developed, it would be impossible to say why the Revolution ever took place. M. de Laverne tells us that the principal cause is to be found in the political inexperience of the nation, which, after a century and a half of absolute government, did not know when to stop in its newly acquired liberty. He

* *Les Assemblées Provinciales sous Louis XVI.* Par M. Léon de Laverne. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1863.

detects an additional cause in the blind fury of a small minority, who were determined to destroy the ancient monarchy in order to establish in its place the most democratic of republics. This recalls the deep insight of Sir Archibald Alison, who, after faithfully recounting the myriad abominations of the absolute government of France, the oppressive exactions of the Administration, the Church, and the landowners, declares the Revolution to have been caused by "the spirit of innovation." When it is remembered what the sufferings of the French people were—and in the straightforward evidence of Arthur Young we have a tolerable account at least of the rural population—it is unnecessary to have recourse to the hypothesis of blind fury or a spirit of innovation. The poverty of the agricultural provinces—and nearly all France then was purely agricultural—was almost inconceivable, and the fiscal burdens seemed to be in inverse proportion to the means of those who had to bear them. The *bourgeoisie* suffered not only from the inequality of taxation, but from the galling sense of injustice at their exclusion from the public service. A revolution there must have been, but, as Mr. Carlyle has well pointed out, the reason why it suddenly became so violent and was conducted by the extreme popular party was to be found in the famine which had driven the people into ferocious madness. Still, we cannot think that the weak and vacillating Ministries of Louis XVI. deserve as much credit for their efforts as M. Laverne would attribute to them, and it is doubtful whether a revolution could have been avoided unless government had been in the hands of a Sovereign or a Minister of force of character sufficient to overawe the disaffected and to disarm the opposition of privileged classes. It might have been done by a Henri IV. or a Richelieu, but was far beyond the Royal locksmith and the Genevese banker.

Our excuse for dealing more with the preliminary matter than with the substance of M. Laverne's work must be that he displays at once his purpose to advocate the cause of the Monarchy before the Revolution. The subject-matter of his volume, more interesting in itself than in the conclusions which he would wish his readers to arrive at, is the history of the Provincial Assemblies established by the Government of Louis XVI. for the local administration of the provinces. It is a part of the history of that time which has perhaps been too much neglected. The following quotation from M. Laverne's preface will furnish at least one good reason:—

Dans une note dictée par Napoléon à Bordeaux en 1803 pour ordonner au ministre de l'intérieur de faire rédiger une *Histoire de France*, au point de vue impérial, on trouve le passage suivant:—

"Il faut faire remarquer le désordre perpétuel des finances sous l'ancien régime, le chaos des assemblées provinciales, les prétentions des parlements, le défaut de règle et de mesure dans l'administration; cette France bigarrée, sans unité de loi et d'administration; de sorte qu'on respire en arrivant à l'époque où on jouit des bienfaits de l'unité de loi, d'administration et de territoire."

It is devoutly to be hoped that under this view of history France has respired more freely, but unhappily, in the long run, such deliberate falsifications are generally found out. Thus, in the instance before us, M. de Laverne has, as we think, successfully vindicated the Provincial Assemblies. He has given a very clear and intelligent account of their proceedings, and it is abundantly evident that, had the times been more favourable, they would have become most valuable instruments of self-government in the hands of the people of France. It was the scheme of Necker to put an end for ever to the system of the Financial Intendants in the Thirty Généralités of France, and to replace their authority by assemblies chosen within defined districts. In spite of local jealousies, and the obstacles which are ever in the way of new authorities, it cannot be doubted that, upon the whole, the result was favourable, as indicating the capacity of the French people for self-government. In most cases, the feeling of the Assemblies was extremely liberal, though in matters of trade they were protectionists to the backbone, as might have been looked for in that age and in bodies where local patriotism was necessarily a duty. All this portion of M. Laverne's book is extremely well done; he is a very careful student of history, and has given particular attention to the condition of France during the reign of Louis XVI. Though we are not disposed to admit all his inferences, we cannot refuse him the merit of having written a careful and instructive volume.

THE WEDGWOOD INSTITUTE AT BURSLEM.*

BURSLEM is doubly fortunate, in having so great and good a man as Josiah Wedgwood for its hero, and in finding so skilled a bard as the Chancellor of the Exchequer to sing his praises. Whatever may be thought of some other "commemorations" in these days, no one will dispute that Wedgwood deserves all the honour that the Staffordshire Potteries can pay him, and that the foundation of a local Institution with an utilitarian object is a very proper way of keeping his name and fame alive among the population to which he was so signal a benefactor. Wedgwood was not only the founder of the great manufacturing industry which has transformed a few half-savage villages of North Staffordshire into a continuous succession of thriving towns, but from the very first he impressed a decidedly artistic character on the ceramic products of "The Potteries." Indeed the public-spirited

persons who have laboured of late to encourage the cultivation of pure and correct principles of design among the artisans of Stoke, Burslem, Longton, and Hanley are not so much introducing a new element as reviving an early tradition. Schools of art, prizes, lectures, and the new Wedgwood Memorial itself are but expedients for producing results which Wedgwood effected, nearly a century ago, by his personal efforts and example. This is admirably shown in the eloquent *éloge* which Mr. Gladstone delivered a month or two ago on occasion of the laying of the first stone of the Wedgwood Memorial Institute. The Chancellor of the Exchequer—well known as a most accomplished connoisseur and diligent collector of ceramic ware—was perhaps the fittest man in England to deliver an address on the life and works of Josiah Wedgwood.

It must be admitted that, after Wedgwood's time, the art-element in the fictile manufactures of the Potteries had been suffered to decay, and well nigh to disappear. British earthenware was celebrated all over the world for its usefulness and cheapness, but the less said about its beauty or fitness of form the better. A great change has taken place of late years. The late Mr. Minton, though he had worthy rivals and coadjutors, was the first to see once more the importance of wedding beauty of design to mechanical perfection in ceramic manufactures. In the Great Exhibition of 1851 the fictile wares of the Staffordshire Potteries were unrivalled except in the one particular of artistic design. With some noble exceptions—and those chiefly due to foreign artists—the forms were, as a rule, inelegant, the colouring crude, and the taste debased and unrefined. All this was altered during the eleven years which intervened between 1851 and the International Exhibition of 1862. Every one will remember that at the latter date the English pottery, in beauty as well as in utility, held an incontestable supremacy over all foreign competitors. It is clear that every exertion ought to be made to maintain this superiority. And we own to a lively interest in the welfare of this particular Institution, which is intended to be not only a memorial of Wedgwood, but "a complete educational establishment," including a museum, a school of science and art, and a free library—all peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the Potteries district. More especially we welcome the wise and thoughtful words which Mr. Gladstone addressed to the notables of the neighbourhood assembled round the foundation-stone of the new Institute. His speech has probably been read by every educated artisan in the district, and it may reasonably be expected that such good seed will bear good fruit before long.

With excellent taste the speaker apologized for appearing as a teacher rather than as a learner in the great seat of the fictile manufactures of England. But he was anxious "to bear his testimony to the principles of which Wedgwood was, so to speak, an apostle." Those principles were afterwards expounded to be the association of beauty of form and colour with practical utility and convenience. Herein is to be seen, says Mr. Gladstone, "the peculiar pre-eminence, I will not scruple to say the peculiar greatness, of Wedgwood." We shall be pardoned for giving one extract from the graver part of this eloquent address:—

Now do not let us suppose that, when we speak of this association of beauty with convenience, we speak either of a matter which is light and fanciful, or of one which may, like some of those I have named, be left to take care of itself. Beauty is not an accident of things, it pertains to their essence; it pervades the wide range of creation; and, wherever it is impaired or banished, we have in this fact the proof of the moral disorder which disturbs the world. Reject, therefore, the false philosophy of those who will ask what does it matter, provided a thing be useful, whether it be beautiful or not; and say in reply that we will take one lesson from Almighty God, Who in His works hath shown us, and in His Word also has told us, that "He hath made everything," not one thing, or another thing, but everything, "beautiful in His time." Among all the devices of creation, there is not one more wonderful, whether it be the movement of the heavenly bodies, or the succession of the seasons and the years, or the adaptation of the world and its phenomena to the conditions of human life, or the structure of the eye, or hand, or any other part of the frame of man—not one of all these is more wonderful than the profuseness with which the Mighty Maker has been pleased to shed over all the works of His hands an endless and boundless beauty.

Passing over some excellent remarks on the moral influence of beauty, we find Mr. Gladstone boldly grappling with the subject of the necessarily enhanced cost of artistic design in industrial products. He argues that, if beauty of design be required, a new element of labour is imported into the process of production, which, like every other element, must be paid for. This no doubt is true for works of any pretensions. And yet, putting out of account invention and original composition, we cannot see that it need cost more to turn out, by the thousand together, a beautifully shaped bason or jug or jar than an ugly one. The prime cost of a new design for an article of common use is inappreciably small. A new design for an article of *luxure* may be expensive; but for such novelties there is now, at least, a good market. People of cultivated taste are not unwilling to give a little more for a really beautiful object. After all, however, the purchases of "the million" make a potter's fortune; and we contend that it ought not to cost a hawker more to furnish his cart with simple and tasteful articles than with the hideous and glaring crockery which he now retails in the cottages of the poor. Nevertheless, as addressed to the manufacturers themselves, Mr. Gladstone's warnings as to the consequences in the long run of neglecting beauty in the attempt to cheapen their productions are thoroughly true and useful. He finds in the establishment of Art-Institutes, such as the one now founded in Burslem, a hopeful augury for the

* *Wedgwood: an Address.* By the Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer. London: John Murray. 1863.

future; and then, in a brief review of Wedgwood's life, he points out, with great ability, that the main characteristic of his special manufactures was the union of the greatest possible degree of fitness and convenience for their purpose with the highest degree of beauty which, compatibly with that fitness and that convenience, they could bear. This part of Mr. Gladstone's address is truly admirable. He quotes, very felicitously, from Novalis a comparison between Goethe's place in literature and Wedgwood's in art. Goethe, says that writer, is in his works what the Englishman is in his wares — "höchst einfach, nett, bequem und dauerhaft." A most interesting field of inquiry is here opened as to the state of industrial art in England in the last quarter of the last century. If Wedgwood really stood alone in his recognition of right principles of design, without predecessors or followers, as Mr. Gladstone seems to think, he was certainly even more remarkable a man than is usually supposed. But we doubt if the full history of English art, whether fine art or applied art, previously to the great Revolutionary War, has yet been investigated. Should the life of Wedgwood ever be written, much light may be thrown on this most interesting subject. The isolation which the wars of Napoleon inflicted upon England doubtless entailed, as Mr. Gladstone says, a general and progressive depression, and even degradation, in almost every branch of industrial art. Happily this generation has witnessed a complete revival of true principles of art-manufacture among us.

We will not attempt to follow Mr. Gladstone in his disquisition on the particular specimens of Wedgwood's wares with which he illustrated his address. Here he speaks with the enthusiasm of a connoisseur. A certain tray, for example, has "a surface soft as an infant's flesh to the touch," and the orator is persuaded that "a Wiltshire cheese, if it could speak, would declare itself more comfortable in a dish of Wedgwood's than in any other dish." The publication of this address is a real benefit to art. We could have wished that it had fallen within the speaker's scope to mention a curious experiment that is about to be tried in connexion with this very Burslem Institute. Several gentlemen connected with the Potteries or the county, headed by Mr. Beresford Hope, offered prizes for the best competitive designs which should solve the problem of applying ceramic constructional decoration to the exterior of the new building. The judges, who were Mr. Beresford Hope himself and Mr. Digby Wyatt, (Mr. J. C. Robinson having been unable to act), have lately adjudicated the prizes, and the designs are now on public view in the South Kensington Museum. No one will question the judges' decision. The first prize was given to Messrs. Edgar and Kipling for a Renaissance design, very rich in general effect, to be of red brick with an elaborate terra-cotta cornice, and with a series of ceramic panels illustrating the processes of the potter's art. Messrs. De Ville, Ladds, and Power were the inferior prizemen, ranged in order of merit; the first of them showing considerable knowledge of foreign terra-cotta architecture, and the second competing with a very spirited design. Among the unnamed designs, we observed one in the Gothic style, which, with some exaggerations, seemed full of ability, and might perhaps have deserved a higher place. We shall look forward with much interest to the actual carrying out of Messrs. Edgar and Kipling's novel design. It promises to open a new field, not only for architectural art, but for the particular trade of the Potteries. There has been a growing feeling of late that the capabilities of terra cotta and coloured tiles, as applied to external architecture, have not yet been sufficiently tested. Many have thought that in this climate warmth and richness of effect ought to be sought in ceramic structural decoration. Should the design work out as well as we expect, we look forward to the example being widely followed. In that case the Wedgwood Memorial will not merely be a monument of past successes, but the opening of a new field for the artistic taste and commercial enterprise of the Staffordshire Potteries.

THE ADELPHI OF TERENCE.*

IT is difficult to account for the small amount of study bestowed by English scholars on the plays of Plautus and Terence, when a very superficial acquaintance might suffice to convince any one that they constitute the best possible field for minute investigation of the Latin language; and, further, that nowhere in the wide tracts of antiquity can be discovered a richer vein of genuine wit and humour. But though philology gains more favour year by year, and though the profession of a humorist is at the present day one of the few walks of literature which lead to popularity and success, it is still a fact, and a strange one, that the Latin comic poets are comparatively little read. Indeed, it may be doubted whether one scholar in twenty has done more than just taste Plautus *summis labris* as it were, by dipping into the *Aulularia* and *Menæchmi*; while, except perhaps at Westminster, Terence is seldom read through, at school or at college. The solution of this problem may perhaps be found in the low ebb to which Latin scholarship had in this country, till very recently, declined; in the lack of special professorships of Latin, which but one of our great Universities has even yet corrected; and in the greater charm with which the rich literature of Greece is invested in the eyes of searchers after grace and beauty in the dead

languages. How few comparatively are the valuable editions of Latin poets or prose-writers by modern Englishmen; and of those few how great is the debt for whatever is really good in them to German industry! This ought not so to be, if the genius of the Latin language is somewhat akin to our own, if laurels are still growing unplucked in this field for patient and steadfast hands to gather, and if the fact that the ground is not overcrowded is a fair and just inducement to enter upon it. Granted, that all may not care for that kind of acquisition which consists in the power of minutely dissecting words, and tracing up their birth and parentage, and in familiarity with the "pathology," as it is called, of the Latin tongue. Yet surely those who either feel an interest in examining the sources of their own literature, or have any ambition to augment its riches and raciness, ought to master the comedy of Rome to such an extent, at any rate, as to be able to appreciate those two famous playwrights of whom Sterne said that, were he a teacher, he would imbue boys and youths with Terence and Plautus in preference to all the Ovids and Virgils and epic poets in the world.

Some clue, no doubt, to the desuetude in which the study of these writers has lain is to be found in the supposed immoral tendency of their writings. But, when all their sins against propriety are set in array at the bar, to what do they amount? What has all Terence or all Plautus to plead guilty to when weighed in the balance against a single play of Beaumont and Fletcher? What is the collective immorality of all Latin comedy extant in comparison with what meets us in even so careful a selection as Charles Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets about the Time of Shakespeare*? Not long ago we chanced upon a passage in a "Lecture to Ladies" by an amiable and earnest ecclesiastic, which ran thus:—"If I had my will, Ovid and Horace and Terence should be banished from our schools;" and the lecturer went on seriously to advocate the substitution of Augustin for Ovid's "longs and shorts." This line of exhortation might have been adapted to the auditory, and Ovid, no doubt, is assailable in parts; but for the life of us we cannot see what there is to complain of in the Latin comic poets, either in the shape of impurity or, all things considered, of justified immorality. If, in Terence, Micio in effect harps on the doctrine that "boys will be boys" and "young men young men," he not the less contrives to illustrate the awkwardnesses and drawbacks which attend the abduction of music-girls, and such-like expensive pastimes, so vividly and tellingly that the moral which nine out of ten boys would draw from his play would be that such amusements are best let alone. A boy's principles are neither made nor marred by his study of ancient heathen authors; and it may be doubted whether a lad's morals were ever corrupted by reading Terence or Plautus, though many have gathered thence little bits of sound wisdom and useful insight into life.

But, notwithstanding, it seems as though no editor of Terence could discharge his conscience without firing a broadside into the immorality of his comedies. Before us, as if to follow suit to his predecessors, lies Mr. Marriott's introduction to the *Adelphi*, opening with a discourse of six pages upon the Terentian text, "Non est flagitium," &c. It is of so solemn a nature that we are confident the youthful instinct will be to pass it over unread; and it is so much after the stereotyped form that older readers will find in it nothing new, save a fact or two concerning New Testament synonyms, in queer company, it may be thought, amidst the pages of Terence. When will editors cease to overland the author they seek to put before the public with essays on morality, and deem their task achieved if they set the man and his writings before us as they really were? There is needed, for Terence and Plautus, the loving office which Mr. Sellar has so well performed for the earlier poets of the Republic, with Lucretius and Catullus. The minute analysis and careful examination, by a competent hand, of the characters and features of Latin comedy would clear away a host of vague prejudices, and give zest to an intelligent and comprehensive study of a class of literature which, if in a large measure borrowed from the Greek, had yet very much that was essentially its own. The sweetness and pathos mingling with the wit and drollery of Terence ought to have their admirers now, as in the days when churchmen and monks devoured his plays at the risk of ecclesiastical censure. Who shall say that these last did not write the better sermons by reason of their stolen perusals of the *Andria* or the *Adelphi*? The humour of Plautus is rougher and more practical, aiming less to please the fashionable ear than to draw down the plaudits of the gallery. But what a mine it is if dug into, and what fun, and life, and joking teems in every page! Had Mr. Sellar included this section of Latin poets in his recent volume, such an introduction must needs have led immediately to a wider and more enthusiastic study of their writings. The omission may have been of set purpose, but it can hardly have arisen from any squeamishness, for who would reject these and yet open his pages to Catullus? It will, we trust, one day be supplied by some writer who has devoted himself specially to this branch of Latin literature.

Meanwhile, instalments, in editions of single plays such as that before us, deserve a general welcome as steps in the right direction; and although they fail to present us with the whole face, so to speak, of Terence or Plautus, they contribute, each in its own way, to familiarity with that whole, by giving us some side-view of which the author has a specially clear perception. Thus Mr. Marriott's strong point is metre as explained by the help of philology. His chapter on Terentian metres contains, in a brief space, a compact system of treating difficulties

* *The Adelphi of Terence, with English Notes.* By Wharton B. Marriott, M.A. London and Oxford: Rivingtons. 1863.

which have hitherto proved a sore hindrance and discouragement to attempts at mastering the Latin comedy. The volume is worth getting for this part of it, if for nothing else. But it will be found to possess further value in its curious blending of philology with questions of metre; and these two points are so dwelt upon in the introduction and notes that a lover of Terence for his own sake can hardly help feeling jealous of the intrusion, though it constantly clears up some difficulty of scansion or illustrates the spoken Latin of a Roman theatre. Mr. Marriott has manifestly studied to much purpose the views of Donaldson on Terentian metres in the *Penny Cyclopædia* and in *Varronianus*, and his familiarity with the grammar of the Romance languages has enabled him to pursue the more modern theory respecting metres to fruitful results. He explodes Bentley's method of accounting for outrages on received rules of scansion by giving them up (as *e. g.* in making "studet par" an anapaest, and shortening the first syllable of "propter"), and seeks the true solution in an inquiry into the current mode of pronunciation. Latin words, there is reason to think, especially those in commonest use, were spoken shorter than they were written. Establish this, and it is manifest that it will greatly affect the scansion of the common metres of Terence. Not wasting words on those proofs, which Donaldson and others have before adduced, Mr. Marriott lays most stress on the arguments from the analogy of the Romance languages, especially Italian and French, "which represent the spoken language of Latin-speaking peoples, spelt phonetically, and therefore representing sound in contempt of etymology." To take one or two examples. In numberless lines—such as

395. *Ille somnium, num sineres vero illum tuom*
476. *Ille bonus vir nobis psaltriam, si dis placet—*

Bentley's solutions are powerless, and the only hope is in taking the pronouns as monosyllables, in pronunciation, if not in form. This course Mr. Marriott holds to be justified by the Romance languages. For *ille vir bonus* read *le bon vir*, and metre and natural emphasis are satisfied. In the other case, where "ille" is emphatic, sense and metre require us to pronounce *ille somnium*, as *il' somnium*. The ultima is absorbed in the one case, the penultima in the other; and that this took place in spoken Latin is inferred from the French and Italian personal pronoun "il" from *ille* emphatic, and "le" and "lo" respectively from "ille" unemphatic.

A like solution from the theory of spoken language is applied to other classes of words, according to their characteristic consonants. Bentley, for instance, in v. 900—

Student facere: in adparando consumunt diem—

would have scanned the word "student" thus. Mr. Marriott, in his notes and introduction, shows cause for the more likely assumption that a Roman would have pronounced and scanned the words "stu't faitre." So "me quidem" would be pronounced *mequiem*; "tamen," *tam*; "bonus" and "domus" *bon* and *dom*, while "senex," "volo," and "domi" dropped their first vowel, *e. g.* *s'nez*, *v'lo*, and *d'mi*. It is impossible to go further into the subject here, except to add that the editor's perfect command of illustrations from the Romance languages is an earnest of his qualifications for successfully producing another work which he has in hand—a comparative word-book of the Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish languages. The help given in a short space towards removing the old stumbling-block of metres from the path of readers of Terence is the more trustworthy, because it commends itself to the ear and rhythmical sense, and emancipates us from the necessity of swallowing the preposterous dogmas which Bentley put forward on this subject.

"The intelligent study of words" is professedly Mr. Marriott's object. We must not look to him for a choice of the best readings, or for any guidance to a decision as to the value of such. Adopting the somewhat uncertain text of Fleckeisen, he rarely travels out of it. This is to be regretted, because, for this cause, notes are not uncommonly lavished upon words which have probably been comparatively recent introductions into the text. Thus in v. 263—

Maledicta, famam, meum laborem et peccatum in se transtulit

contains a word, "laborem," which Fleckeisen substituted for the MSS. reading "amorem" to relieve the metre. We might have been told this, and perhaps it might not have been unreasonable to expect a statement of Bentley's mode of obviating the same difficulty by reading "esse" for "ec" at the close of the verse. Again, at v. 287, Fleckeisen's text

"Hilare hunc sumamus diem"

is given without remark. Yet it was surely due to the reader to tell him that the MSS. generally read "hilarem," and that "hilare" is only an introduction of Bentley's from the grammarian Charisius. A little below, at v. 295, Bentley's reading "Ere nata" "for your daughter's interests" instead of the MSS. reading "Ere nata," is so probable an emendation, and rests on such sanction and authority, that it was perhaps entitled to adoption, but, at all events, to mention in the notes. There is throughout a too ready adherence to Fleckeisen solely and without consideration of the claims of other texts; and it is due to Mr. Marriott to say that his handling of the text strikes us as happiest where he breaks loose from German leading strings.

Sometimes perhaps even the intelligent study of words may be strained. It occurs to us that where, in v. 365, Mr. Marriott explains "enarramus" as strictly for "enarravimus" by elision of "i," he is mistaken. Cases of the present for the perfect occur in Plaut.

Men. 1633, "vocat" for "vocavit," and Aul. 423, "capio" for "cepi." This last can hardly be solved by the "elision" theory; nor does the fact that "haberet" follows in the text affect the question, the construction being accommodated to the sense and not the form. In v. 394 "quantus quantus" is said to stand for "quantus quantus," or "quantus es." If so, what becomes of the forms "quantum quantum" in Plautus, and of "quanta quanta" in the *Hecyra* of Terence?

Before quitting the examination of particular readings and textual difficulties, we will only express a slight feeling of disappointment at finding no note on a much-canvassed but not yet elucidated line (915):—

Diuemeret ille Babylo viginti minas.

The choice of interpretations here lies between Colman's view, espoused by Parry, that Babylo is one of Demea's slaves, and—which is perhaps better—that it is applied to Aeschinus, and is another word for "spendthrift." "Let yon spendthrift count out his twenty minas; I am quits with him, and shall get quite as many thanks." Such was Bentley's interpretation, and Ruhnken approved it. But the passage is still unsatisfactory, and this latest editor has not thrown light on it. On the other hand, a word of praise is due to Mr. Marriott for the good use which he has made of Mommsen's *History of Rome* in illustrating questions of Roman archaeology incidental to the text which he is annotating. Questions of "marriage," "oaths," the "elder deities of Rome," such as Salus (v. 761) and the like, have light judiciously thrown upon them by this means. And he is happy, here and there, in looking for the original of particular phrases to the Greek comedy whence these Latin playwrights borrowed. Just as, to understand the phrases "putare fores" and "concrepuit ostium" (633 and 788), we have to transport ourselves in fancy to Athens, so a similar mental flight may often render clear obscurities of phrase or idiom.

On the whole, the edition before us deserves a cordial welcome. It fulfils its author's aim as an intelligent commentary on words. It will be most valuable as an adjunct to other editions, because it contains some points of view in strong light which are apt to be placed in the background. Word-criticism is no doubt a very captivating pursuit, and Terence affords an open field for experiments in it. The danger is lest love of one's hobby distract attention from other paths which it cares not to frequent. In the present instance, the care bestowed on words is very far out of proportion to that which is devoted to the connexion and interdependence of sentences.

MADÉLEINE GRAHAM.*

PEOPLE used to think the novels of Paul de Kock objectionable, until M. Feydeau and the younger Dumas began to write. We have now discovered that there are depths considerably lower than the robust coarseness and rollicking indecency which marked the comparatively old-fashioned French novel. A hero who rushes through the world in search of forbidden pleasures, with youth, wit, and boundless vigour, may not supply a very edifying pattern of life, yet he has nothing morbid or unnatural about him. Sickly sinners are intolerable; and they are far more polluting. The wickedest of Paul de Kock's muscular pagans offends against propriety ten thousand times, but, unlike the puny whining wretches of Feydeau and Dumas Fils, he never revolts our sense of physical delicacy. A writer who makes all his men mere healthy animals does not teach a very exalted or enlarged view of human nature, to be sure, still we may be thankful to him that his animals are healthy and wholesome. The indecency of the new school is like the nightmare of a morbid medical student. The men are still mere animals, but they are animals out of sorts. We are told that these books are "studies in mental pathology," whatever such jargon may mean. Now, in the first place, the only excuse for analysing the state of diseased minds is that the analysis is a step towards their cure. But we do not suppose that M. Feydeau proposes to set up as a mad doctor or keep a lunatic asylum. In the second place, these particular forms of mental disease did not exist until the "studies in mental pathology" succeeded in breeding them. It is well known among doctors that men of a certain temperament may fancy themselves afflicted with the symptoms of any disorder under the sun, simply from reading a medical treatise upon it. And so it has been with the weak minds of Young France. They have read Feydeau's *études* until they have become as sickly as the sickliest and nastiest of his heroes. Then, finally, there is the grand apology for this kind of literature. Their scenes are from life—

And life, they say, is worthy of the Muse.

This is the pretext on which the author of *Madeleine Graham* justifies one of the most nauseous books we ever read; and just as a Frenchman may sigh for the times when Paul de Kock was the most objectionable writer whom parents had to keep out of the hands of their daughters, even so we shall soon begin to wish that a little harmless bigamy were the worst feature in our three-volume novel. We have so often shown the fallaciousness of the argument by which writers and poets of the realist school defend their choice of subjects from the most unpleasant

* *Madeleine Graham*. By the Author of "Whitefriars." 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1864.

incidents of actual life, that we shall not repeat the process here. That, because all sorts of decaying refuse are to be found in the world, therefore we should take our exercise and recreation in the midst of it, seems scarcely worth disproving. Yet there are people who, so to speak, prefer to take the air among heaps of rotting vegetables and putrescent animals to all the purity of the forest or the open glade. The writer of *Madeleine Graham* is one of them. She—for we may fairly guess the author's sex from the prevalence of italics—can find no subject better worth handling than a supposed murder of a particularly revolting character, which took place in Scotland some six or seven years ago. She wishes to reveal to society what is going on under the smooth surface of respectability, and, as the best means of doing so, furbishes up with an excess of exaggerated colouring the wretched story of Madeleine Smith. We are given to understand that the events which were brought to light in that case are of quite common occurrence, the only difference being that they are generally hushed up. "On the whole, it is as well for the heads of families that it generally happens their entire households are in a tacit conspiracy to keep them ignorant and happy;" and we are left to infer that, as a general rule, while the pious fathers are engaged in family prayer in the drawing-room, their lovely and accomplished daughters are conducting criminal intrigues with beautiful bagmen from France at the back-door. The result of the author's survey of life is conveyed in the reflection, "How curiously we should all look—we who sit down to dinner daily with one another, hand each other the pepper and salt, and make our remarks on the weather in perfect confidence and domestic intelligence—if we knew what each other was plotting, thinking, had been doing perhaps a few hours or minutes previously." But over and above this, besides having our eyes opened to what is really going on at the back-doors of society, we must be taught that it is all our own fault. Society, having no friends, may legitimately be hit hard, and the author of *Whitefriars* does not spare. A corrupt and resolute young woman poisons her lover because he will not restore her a packet of compromising letters, and all that can be said is that "the powers of her rapid intellect had been so fearfully misdirected by education and the perverse influences of that organized frenzy, mis-called society!"

The medium through which the organized frenzy acts upon Madeleine Graham is *La Dame aux Camélias* and a wicked French governess. Impure French novels and the conversations of the wicked governess develop in her, while yet at school, all "the insidious suggestions of passion and feeling to which her organization exposed her." But the sensuality was partially counteracted by an overwhelming lust for wealth and position, and she began to scheme from her earliest days how to turn her surpassing charms to lucrative account. The capitalist upon whom she fixes her attention first attracts her by the fact that he "protects" Incognita, "a woman celebrated for her extravagance and cynicism only, driving a pair of spirited fiery ponies, frothing and foaming like waves of the sea." The millionaire, it appears, is blighted; his wife had been discovered in an intrigue with the groom, and he had procured a divorce. In revenge upon society—though we are unable to see what on earth that unlucky and persecuted abstraction had to do with his faithless wife and her Irish groom—he takes Incognita under his wing. Her extravagance is his practical joke upon society, although, here again we confess to not very clearly discerning the point. However, his wealth is undoubted, and the French governess writes an anonymous letter, inviting him to meet her and Madeleine at the theatre. But Mr. Behringbright is not disposed to undertake two practical jokes, and keeps the assignation in company with a detective officer. The whole affair is disclosed to the mistress of the school, and Madeleine is sent home, while Mademoiselle Olympe takes to some calling whose nature is only distantly alluded to. But the mischief of the theatre episode by no means ends at this point. While there, Madeleine had espied in the stalls a Frenchman whose beauty is described in terms which unquestionably justify our conjecture as to the sex of the writer. We need not repeat them; suffice it to say that his charms inflamed the half of Madeleine's nature which was not devoted to capital. It now turns out that the French governess had once been dreadfully in love with this Camille, had represented herself to him as enormously rich, and had all but caught him. He still retains a tremendous hold upon her, and having forced her to reveal to him who Madeleine is, and that her father is a rich merchant in Belfast, he determines to use his good looks as the way to Madeleine's fortune and his own. At present he is a "commercial gent" travelling for a French firm, and he makes it convenient to pay a visit to Belfast, much to Olympe's mortification.

A certain time is supposed to elapse, at the end of which Mr. Behringbright, who has himself meanwhile accidentally fallen desperately in love with Madeleine, sees him surreptitiously admitted into her father's house at night. We are left to guess—from this, from italics, from allusions to some fearful letters, and from various other incidents which the British mother would not thank us for mentioning—that Madeleine has yielded to the worst half of her nature, aided by the fascinations of the lovely bagman. Still sensuality has by no means extinguished ambition, and finding the rich merchant within her reach, Madeleine at once conceives the strongest desire to seize the prize. Of course her lover rather stands in the way, as he obstinately persists in following her about, and no artifice can induce him to surrender her letters. The vile intrigues by means of which she humours the lover of the back-door, and at the same time fascinates her suitor of the front-door, fill up two

volumes. She tells malevolent lies by the score, opens other people's letters and forges other people's names, accuses an innocent and pure-minded girl of the very sin she had herself committed with the Frenchman, and finally, in despair of more moderate measures, asks the bagman to dinner and puts some arsenic in his coffee. At this point the writer abandons the real history. Camille, unlike his prototype, recovers from the effects of the poison, but to find himself without hair or finger-nails, and in a fair way of being without skin. Madeleine comes in for an enormous dose of poetic justice. Mr. Behringbright—to whom, if the Frenchman had died decently, she would have been comfortably married in a day or two—discovers Camille, detects the whole intrigue, and amuses himself while watching by Camille's bedside by reading the infamous letters of his betrothed. He is one of those grave, honest, unflinching men whom one meets with in novels. He always dresses shabbily and addresses the servants at the club as "Mr. "; and has generally a supply of ready money amounting to a million more or less. He is not at all angry with Madeleine. It is all the fault of society. Still he cannot leave her without punishment; "it shall be the greatest mortal justice can inflict." So he presents Camille with ten thousand pounds, settles three hundred a year on Madeleine, and makes them marry and settle in France.

This outline of the story, however, can give the reader no idea of the general effect. The characteristic part of it is the abominable colouring which is thrown over the whole book by the ever-present intrigue between Madeleine and the Frenchman. What we mean by comparing *Madeleine Graham* with the works of the most noxious of French novelists is that it reeks with sensuality, and with sickly sensuality, which is the worst kind. At present no English publisher would venture to circulate books containing the foul details which may be found in some of the most popular *études* of Paris, but we are certainly on the way to that consummation. In the book before us no opportunity is lost of introducing the charms of the heroine under the grossest conditions. The writer oppresses us with particulars of Madeleine's *déshabille* with its "voluptuous fidelity," of her transparent robes, and of the care which she took to display her ankle and fawn-coloured satin boot. A very little more encouragement is needed, and without doubt we shall soon have imported all the tricks of the mental pathologists, aided by discreetly selected details of physical pathology. A heroine who has two or three husbands living at once is innocent and unobjectionable indeed when compared with one whose great scheme in life is to marry a rich man, and maintain a lover whom she prefers out of her husband's wealth. The most complicated bigamy will teach lessons of sound social morality compared with the example of a young lady who beseeches her lover to allow her "to marry this millionaire who proposes to me, and to make you rich and happy in your turn as a consequence"—a lover, moreover, who can exclaim, "Woman, I am your husband, or you are the vilest of your sex!"

Literature proper is a commentary on life. The highest poetry and the best sorts of fiction are no more than this. But the *Newgate Calendar* is not a part of literature. *Madeleine Graham* is a commentary, not on life, but on a chapter in the *Newgate Calendar*, and yet it is advertised as "the new novel of life and manners." The author admits, in a lucid interval of common-sense, though with some grammatical obscurity, "After all, this must have been a most exceptional case; I take it as the text of a general homily." But can anything be more irrational than to take a strikingly exceptional case as the text of a general homily which professes to uncover the nakedness of all the world? Madeleine, after poisoning Camille, "had," says the writer, with what is meant for overpowering irony, "discharged her duty to SOCIETY; she had followed the maxims of an enlightened self-interest to their uttermost consequences, and had preferred money to every thing, to all the pleasing memories of a first passionate though guilty attachment," &c. "The age" had cast a spell upon her. But if the age and society had corrupted her, why should they not corrupt other school-girls? The writer, in spite of the momentary admission to the contrary, plainly intimates that such corruption is very common, and that society is unconsciously surrounded and permeated by hordes of beautiful and accomplished girls who are actually carrying on guilty intrigues with handsome men, and, to marry a rich husband, would not flinch from theft, lying, forgery, or murder. "The men and women who are thoroughly of our and their age neither love nor hate to any extraordinary excess, but make their feelings of all kinds subordinate exclusively to their interests." It would, we suspect, bring some consolation to the minds of a good many anxious mothers if they could discover this tendency rather more strongly marked in their marriageable daughters. Half the worris of their existence would be at an end, and even odious curates and younger sons might get something besides stiff speeches, distant bows, and sour looks, if it could only be satisfactorily proved that "the age" had taught their daughters to subordinate their feelings to their interests. What would the author have society do? Are girls to be taught to subordinate their interests to their feelings? Are they to be encouraged to prefer good-looking commercial travellers to sensible millionaires? Nature, according to the author, plainly suggested a union between Madeleine and the French bagman, but a depraved age, and "that organized frenzy, mis-called society," taught her to extinguish her natural attachment and marry a man with wealth. If this be so—if Nature does make young ladies go mad after enterprising *commis-voyageurs* with pink

complexions, glittering teeth, curly black hair, waists like wasps, and without an income—why the sooner Nature is expelled with a fork the better. Of course, if physical beauty and the lower passions are the true key to a permanently happy existence, the author is quite right in her doctrines, and we may allow her to call society by as many hard names as she can find. But if young ladies have anything else to do in life than meditate on physical beauty, then the author is very highly to blame for writing a book which represents most people as the slaves of sense, and leads us to suppose that, however decorous the aspect of society may be, all beneath is grossness, avarice, and violence. Your daughter "hands you the pepper and salt" with her ordinary grace, and you little suspect that she and a penniless bagman have just been playing Pyramus and Thisbe through the area rails. You fall in love with a charming girl full of youth and innocence, and fancy that she adores you with all the freshness of a virgin attachment—pooh! she has just poisoned her paramour. This is the pleasant state of things which the author of this pestilential lampoon thinks she has done good by revealing.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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